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SHORT LEAVE

... By ...
HAL G. EVARTS

RAINDROPS spattered just before Milos Vukashin reached the guerrilla outpost and he appraised the leaden evening sky. Things were beginning well, he thought, very well indeed. By dawn the trails would be mud, and the Italian patrols would stay close to their garrison. The Italians had little stomach for Serbian mud.

As for Vukashin, he liked mud. To-day he felt a warmth in his heart towards even the mud and the Italians. For to-day he had worked a long time—so long that he could not remember when it first began. To-day Milos Vukashin was going home.

He shambled along at a loose-jointed gait that belied his state of alert, his Mannlicher resting across one shoulder. Somewhere down the mountain a mortar growled, followed at intervals by the thin crack of rifle fire, yet he was scarcely aware of these sounds. His one thought was to get through.

The Italians did not know the valley; Vukashin did. Therefore he would get through. It was as simple as that.

The rain had thickened to a steady drizzle. The camouflaged post was only a blur ahead. As he approached a sergeant poked his head from a lean-to and regarded him with an expression of bored disinterest.

From his tunic pocket Vukashin carefully extracted a paper, "Sretan put," he greeted, "I go on leave."

"Leave, eh?"

"Yes, sergeant. I go to christen my son."

In happier times Sergeant Grujic had been a city man; consequently, his taste was not for the mountains, nor for their natives.

"You are not old enough to have a son," he declared.

Vukashin colored. "My son," he said, "has six months already."

That was not strictly truthful, but it was near enough.

The sergeant snatched Vukashin's paper and read: "To all personnel of the Yugoslav Army: Private Vukashin is hereby granted leave, said leave to commence the morning of —, and to terminate at dawn five days thereafter. Failure to

return by the time specified is punishable by death."

It was a routine pass, but one detail struck him as suspicious. "Your leave began this morning, soldier, so already you have wasted a day."

Vukashin's tone was patient. "Their snipers do not shoot well after dark."

The sergeant stared. "Snipers? You are not going into their lines?"

"Why, yes," Vukashin said. "My village is in that direction." He shifted so the sergeant could see a campaign bag slung from his shoulder. "Presents. Presents for my son's name day."

Sergeant Grujic grunted. "Just see that you get back, soldier. In four days."

Vukashin hesitated. He was eager to start, yet he wanted to share his good luck. He even thought of showing the sergeant his gift—the gift he had made for his son—but he decided not. Perhaps that was best kept to himself.

It was dusk as he dropped over the ridge and picked his way through the dripping scrub. When he reached the valley floor he had been in enemy territory for some time, but he did not slacken speed. Ordinarily he could cover the distance in three days, but now he must cut that to

two nights. Two nights to go, and two to return, which left him one at home.

If it went as planned, he would get back on time. If not, he would be shot. Late leaves were considered deserters.

The situation, as he had pieced it together, was this: The Italians had lost all desire to fight and wanted only to go home, which their allies, the Germans, would not allow. They were afraid of the Germans and they were afraid of the Serbs, but still they held the valley, like a wide belt cutting Serbia in two, which he must cross to reach his village.

It was said they had many divisions, with tanks and planes, but Vukashin had the peasant's scorn of machinery.

Before long he came to the river. He made out a pontoon bridge upstream, and moved along the bank to where it widened into shallows, and slipped in. Holding his rifle high, he advanced a step at a time, and then he stopped because a sentry had emerged from the shadows on the opposite side.

Cautiously he crept back to shore. Somehow he had miscalculated, and these were Boches instead of Italians. The Italians would never guard a ford at night, but the Boches were thorough as well as tough. Vukashin decided what to do and set out at a lope. The pad of his wooden shoes reassured him, and he grinned, remembering the little shoes in his bag.

Nearing the lower ford, he chose a point where the river gurgled over sand-bars, and cut into the undergrowth. When he reached the edge his heart was hammering. A tent had been pitched not twenty metres away.

He had no choice, because the next ford was too far, so he crouched until the guard passed, then waded out. The shoal was broad and Vukashin was craning his neck, when he stepped in a pothole. One leg buckled and he fell with a splash. Someone yelled and the whole detail burst into life.

He got to his feet and floundered towards mid-channel. Above the uproar of shouts and crashing boots a report sounded, and a pistol flare exploded over his head, flooding everything from shore to shore with blue-white clarity. The glare confused him, and instead of going flat he stood upright, blinking. The Germans were as surprised as Vukashin. For a fragment of time they peered across the gap of river, unable to bring themselves to act.

The officer, a lean blond youth with the shoulder-straps of a second-lieutenant, had more presence of mind than his men. He aimed an automatic, firing twice as the flare fizzled out. The first bullet grazed Vukashin's neck, but the second ripped his left shoulder, and he went reeling back into the darkness.

The other Germans opened fire then, but he managed to gain the protection of deep water. Clutching the rifle and campaign bag under his good arm, he let the current carry him along. It was swift and

Vukashin heard the horsemen approach. He knew they were hunting for him.

over his head, but the wooden shoes seemed to buoy him up just enough.

His feet touched bottom and on tiptoe he worked towards shore. The river curved here, forming a back-water that trapped debris, and this gave him an idea. Yanking off his cap, he snagged it on a bit of driftwood. The Germans were sure to find it, and they might believe he had drowned, but even if the trick failed, Vukashin hoped to gain time.

He paralleled the bank until he found a stretch of gravel that would not show his tracks, and climbed out. Once back in the trees he broke into a run, heedless of the pain that flared along his side.

After a while the forest thinned out into a series of open fields. The pain in his arm had become a flaming agony, and the only remedy that occurred to him was to lighten his load, so he threw the rifle into a ditch, and did not stop again until nearly daybreak. Then he turned into a patch of woods and found a thicket in which to bed down during the daylight hours.

SLEEP would not come at once, so he unfastened his bag and drew out the tiny pair of opanke. Lightly and caressingly he ran his fingers over the surface. He had carved them of ash and capped the heel and pointed toe with iron. They were light and strong, and his son would wear them proudly.

One by one he inspected his other gifts. There was a silk scarf for his wife, the one he had taken from a dead Italian; the klobase, the smoked sausage from the officers' mess, which he would present to the priest; and the flask of plum shlivovista for his neighbors to drink a blessing. Then he put them all back, with the shoes on top.

When he awoke it was afternoon and the rain still fell. He felt stiff and sore, but he squirmed to the edge of the field and gazed out. Before long three tanks lumbered up the road. Later a column of mechanised infantry rolled past, and he laughed. What would Sergeant Grujic say if he saw him now?

The recollection of that boast pricked his conscience. Actually he did not know that he was a father, having heard nothing from his wife for more than a year. A son had

been coming then, and thus he must have been born; Vukashin had no doubts himself. But he should never have mentioned the matter.

For a while traffic dwindled away, and then he heard the sound which frightened him as no tank or bomber could. He risked lifting his head and he saw them—brown specks advancing in a rhythmic line. A horse whinnied, and three other riders jogged after. Vukashin lay still, hoping it was an accident they had passed his way, but in another few minutes he distinguished the blond second-lieutenant.

Continued on page 4

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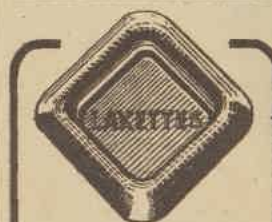
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SOMEONE LIKE YOU

Two men called her their dream girl—the ideal they had waited for...

BY LILIAN CHISHOLM

IT was particularly regrettable that Jeannie should meet Olive on the very same day that she received the wire about Kipps. Jeannie was engaged to Kipps. It was one of those engagements that grow out of a lifetime of friendship, that come about quietly and without any fuss, and with not a single person to say, "Well, fancy that!"—because everybody has expected it for years.

The telegram was brief. It simply told her that one Keith Marchant—she had almost forgotten his name was Keith—had been taken prisoner by the Germans.

She waited for the terrible grief which she was certain any bona-fide fiancée would have shown at such news. All she got, however, was a most fantastic, contemptuous thought as to whether Kipps would now be able to get boiling water for shaving every morning.

Kipps, she knew, had always insisted that his shaving water should be boiling.

She tried to make it seem real all the way to the canteen. She tried to think of Kipps looking at his captors as if asking what he had done to be shut up like this for the duration. He would have no adoring mother to cook his favorite dishes, nobody to tidy up that impossible desk of his after he had been scribbling one of those funny stories which the public had just begun to like.

"Why rush into the Army, my dear chap?" one irate editor had demanded of Kipps. "Dash it all, for ten years you've been ramming stories at me which I couldn't print, and now, the first time I ask you to enter a contract with me and send me all you can, you say you're joining up!"

"Sorry, old man, but I'll be back," Kipps had said simply.

And now he had gone—and he wouldn't be back, not for a very long time.

It wasn't until she was going through the swing doors into the canteen that Jeannie remembered that their wedding wouldn't be for a very, very long time, either. Funny, that she had to think of that last. Was she acting like a love-sick girl over this business? Was she? If she loved Kipps, honestly and deeply, would she have been able to think of anything but the fact that their marriage had been postponed?

And as she asked herself that she saw Olive. He was waiting at the counter when she went through into the canteen from the cloak-room, and she stared at her, and then began to hum under his breath.

"I'd know you anywhere," hummed Olive slowly, and then added softly, "I would, too. Queer, isn't it, how those songs put it all into words for you? Makes love-making pretty easy—all your phrases put ready for you, as it were. Know what I mean?"

She frowned—but Jeannie, when she frowned, only succeeded in looking like a puzzled cherub. She studied Olive all the six-foot-two length of him, the bronzed features, the laughing dark eyes, and the saucy angle of his Air Force cap. In spite of herself, she smiled back.

"No," she said firmly, "I don't. How could you know me anywhere, when you've never seen me before?"

He grinned. "As—you know the thing better than that," he told her. "Know the end line, don't you? I'd know you anywhere, from my dreams. No kidding—I thought when I saw you walk through that door that I'd known you from childhood up. Didn't get any of that effect yourself, I suppose?"

Jeannie had been in the canteen too long to be taken in by that sort of talk. She knew the fine art of



flirtation to a nicety, and yet—this was different. Maybe it was something in his eyes, or the way he smiled, or just—whatever it was, it was there, and it was making her heart behave as it had never behaved before. And Kipps—

She caught her breath sharply and stood up straight.

"What did you want?" she asked abruptly. "Tea or coffee?"

"Oh! You're not cross, are you?" he inquired anxiously. "Honestly, I was only kidding, but—I did mean it in a way. You know how it is sometimes, when you meet a person—you're just sort of bowled over, you have a funny feeling that you've met before, somewhere, that you were actually meant to meet at this very moment. I hope you don't misunderstand me."

She poured out his tea carefully. "I have just heard that my fiancé is a prisoner of war," she told him simply. She saw him stiffen slightly, and the grin on his lips faded.

"Now you must hate me," he said slowly. "You must hate me a whole lot, butting in like that. I'm so sorry. I'll never forgive myself for being so clumsy."

She couldn't bear his self-condemnation. She wanted him to smile again, to be his old, confident self.

"HOW could you possibly know?" she asked eagerly. "It's not your fault, and I had no need to be crabby, anyway. Please think no more about it."

He didn't brighten up as she had hoped he might. He continued to look discomfited.

"You would say that," he objected, "because you're a sport. But all the time I'll remember what a clumsy fool I was, unless—" He put down his cup with a clatter. "Look, just to prove there's no ill-feeling between us, come out with me for an hour to-morrow evening. I haven't very much time left of this leave, and I don't know a soul down this part of the world. My people are up in Scotland, and I'm lonely—"

She told herself she agreed for Kipps' sake, for the sake of all those other men who knew the depths of loneliness.

She deceived herself thus for nearly a week. Olive's leave seemed to be somewhat elastic. Every night he told her he would not see her again, and every evening when she crawled out of the canteen, weary and dispirited, there he was, spruce and smiling, and her weariness took wings and vanished.

"Look, Jeannie," he told her on the eighth evening. "You know

"I'd know you anywhere." Jeannie heard the airman say to the girl behind the counter.

what's happened? You've fallen in love with me."

"I know," she said simply. Things had a certain finality with Jeannie.

"Darling," Olive told her gently, "we mustn't forget Kipps. Heaven knows how I've tortured myself remembering him. I love you so much, my sweet. It was like I said—the moment I saw you I knew you were the only one. It happens like that only once. You must have felt it, too?"

"I did," she confessed rather shyly. "But what can we do? I couldn't hurt Kipps, not now, could I? I know he would understand, but—"

"Isn't that rather wishful thinking, dearest?" Olive asked, and she loved him afresh for his honesty. "Kipps probably worships the very ground you walk on—and even if you have never loved him, that does not make his love any less, rather more. You do see what I mean, my sweet? No, Jeannie—we'll have to wait, my darling. A love like ours can afford to wait. Kipps will come home one day, and then—"

They had a last evening together. This was finally and irrevocably the end of his leave. They danced until dawn at a little place by the river, and, with the dawn to guide them, they drove out into the new morning and watched the sun rise.

"This isn't the end, sweetheart," he whispered. "It's the beginning. One day I'll be able to claim you honestly, fairly, I know. I've waited a long time to find someone like you, and now here you are. We just have to keep our faith in one another, and in our love."

She cried herself sick when he went away. That proved, if proof was needed, that this time it was the real thing. The evenings seemed like so many barren years. She watched the postman with dogged perseverance, though he had told her he would not write.

"If I wrote I would probably persuade you to tell Kipps the truth," he had told her. "So I'll not write, darling."

Her mother and Kipps' mother had anxious little talks about her.

Kipps' mother, with a new look in her gray eyes, had heard that Kipps was sick. She had received just a postcard, with short sentences crossed out. Her boy was sick—he was probably wanting her, and she could not go to him. It was killing her slowly.

"You know how difficult he is when he's ill," she said wistfully.

Jeannie knew. She knew Kipps as well as she knew herself almost. She knew he was quiet, that he hated sentiment, that he smoked a foul pipe, and liked his shaving-water boiling. That he abhorred new clothes or new people, and that his one aim in life was to write stories. Oh, she knew Kipps all right!

"Darling," she told Kipps' mother gently, "I know Kipps very well, and I know just how you feel. But he'll come home all right, I know."

He came home before they expected. Kipps' mother rang Jeannie at the canteen. There had been news of an exchange of prisoners who were sick, and Kipps was one of them. He would be home very soon and discharged from the Army. He would be home for good, and—

"Nothing to stop you getting married right away, my darling child," Kipps' mother exclaimed.

Please turn to page 20



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THE officer rode in the lead, bending low first on one side and then the other. Vukashin watched with a dreadful fascination. The rain had turned against him; every step in the mud left a footprint to follow.

On hands and knees he crawled back to taller cover, and then ran with all his might. The Germans did not see him, but there was a shout when they found the imprint of his body, and the pound of accelerated hoofbeats. Vukashin plunged into a storm-swollen gully and struck upstream around the first bend.

His arm hung useless, but for a long time he would not admit that his load was too great. Finally he set down the bag and took out his son's shoes and put one in each pocket. The other gifts he shoved under a log.

For a time, he continued in the water, but presently, with a sense of desperation, he waded out on to the bank. His legs trembled so he could hardly stand erect, and he leaned against the nearest tree.

Almost at once he sighted a horseman, and another. These were joined by the second pair, and two abreast they wheeled towards him. The lieutenant sat straight, one hand resting on his holster belt. The others slouched in their saddles with unmistakable fatigue.

They made no move to shoot, or ride him down, and he realised then they could not see him against the trunk. The bark's roughness hurt the back of his neck, but he pressed harder, as though he might graft himself upon it.

Then, as soon as the last uniform blended into the foliage, he straightened and made off.

Afterwards it seemed to Vukashin

that he had been struggling through an interminable greyness, and then abruptly he was among his own foothills.

Anyone but a man who had been away a year would have questioned an unploughed field or the absence of smoke, but Vukashin was too intent to notice. When he topped the rise it was like the impact of a blow. He paused uncertainly and rubbed a sleeve across his face.

Only by degrees could he comprehend that the village had been razed.

Great mounds of rubble and chunks of masonry choked the one street, and half-burned beams tilted up at crazy angles. What once had been the public fountain was filled with litter, while nothing remained of the church.

Because for so long he had held to one pattern of thought, his first concern was for the church. "Why," he said, "that's where my son is to be christened."

Then he realised his absurdity. He lowered his eyes and moved down the slope.

When he reached the debris that marked his house he was somewhat prepared. The entire structure had been blown up, literally. He sat on a stone beside the doorway and curiously surveyed his own personal ruins.

He did not conjecture about his wife and son—whether they had lived through this and fled. He felt no grief at all, only a numb sort of acceptance that made it impossible to think.

He was sitting there when the German patrol rode over the hill. Vukashin heard them, but he made no attempt to hide. He suspected that he had been a fool, because a soldier has no business with a family, but at least he refused to run any more.

The lieutenant galloped ahead of his men and raced into the village and swung off his horse in front of Vukashin. An automatic was ready in his hand.

"Get up," he ordered.

Vukashin rose and lifted his hands. The three cavalymen pulled to a halt, and two of them undung rifles. The third, a corporal, came to attention.

"Begging the lieutenant's pardon," he began, "but we are in enemy territory."

The lieutenant did not answer. He was perfectly aware that he had exceeded the limits of his patrol area.

"Now then," he asked Vukashin, "what are your orders?"

He spoke in dialect, so that Vukashin was not sure if he heard correctly. "Orders?"

The German eyed the dried blood on his coat. "You are the same. You are carrying messages through our lines."

"Why, no," Vukashin said. "I am home on leave."

The lieutenant's eyes flickered over the destruction. He was very tired, and in no mood for stupid cunning, and he did a natural thing—he struck Vukashin with his fist.

"Search him, corporal."

The corporal snapped a nervous salute. "If the lieutenant will permit a suggestion, Guerrillas are active in this zone."

"Search him!"

The corporal stepped forward and ran his hands over Vukashin's shoulders. From his tunic he extracted a piece of paper. The lieutenant took it from him and studied it at arm's length. The paper was soaked and the writing had become undecipherable.

Vukashin fingered his cheek.

"My leave permit," he said.

Its beginning seemed so remote that he had to ponder a second to recall why he had come. He had no son. He saw nothing, not even a house. Perhaps everyone in the village had been killed at once, but he did not quite believe that.

"It expires the day after tomorrow," he said.

This appeared to anger the lieutenant. He brushed the corporal to one side. "Where are you to deliver this?" he demanded.

Vukashin stiffened. A core of resentment hardened inside him. He had told the truth, yet this Boche could not get it through his skull. "I advise you to speak."

He slapped Vukashin's sides, continuing the search himself. From each pocket he pulled a small wooden shoe. Nothing else. The lieutenant frowned. "Well?"

Short Leave

Continued from page 2

Vukashin moistened his lips and said, "They're baby shoes."

The lieutenant stared. A flush spread across his cheeks. He lifted his arm and hurled the opanke into the mud with all his force. One of them glanced, and he tramped on it, cursing in German.

"Wait!" Vukashin choked. "Wait!" His voice was not his own; he hardly knew what he was doing. He knelt down and picked up the other shoe and wiped it off.

Gripping it around the instep, he faced the German. Outwardly he was calm, but within him all the hate and bewilderment and unhappiness came to a focus at once. Vukashin had killed before—soldiers—at a distance, but he had never known real hate. The intensity of his emotion was so great now it carried him away completely.

The lieutenant anticipated his danger too late. He fumbled at his gun, but already the shoe's iron point was driving into his chest. Vukashin found strength in his wounded arm to clasp him around the waist, and stabbed again and again.

From the depth of his fury he saw the corporal rush towards them, then stop and spin away, and he heard rifle-fire.

He wondered vaguely why they didn't shoot him or smash him over the head. He struck a fourth time and the lieutenant ceased struggling. Not until then would he look up.

The two troopers were streaking for the valley, flattened over their animals' necks. Two riderless horses, trailing reins, crowded on their heels. Suspecting some trick, he held the body as a shield, and then he saw the corporal, sprawled not far away.

"Milos!" a voice called. "Milos Vukashin!"

Several men were easing from the beech copse. A bearded man in black waved, but because he carried a rifle, too, Vukashin did not recognise him at first as the village priest. Vukashin waved back, and as they

hurried across the pasture it came to him that these were his neighbours, and that they had driven off the Boches. And because he was home at last he wanted to say many things, but he was unable to get a single one of them out. All he could say was "Thank you," over and over again, like a child.

The priest was beside him, blessing him. "Our people have gone to the hills, Milos," he seemed to be saying. "Come, man. You have a family waiting."

Sergeant Grufic sat in his lean-to morosely waiting for daybreak. For five nights he had sat under the rain, and he swore because his relief was later than usual. A footstep outside brought him to his feet, and he swore again because it was only another soldier.

"Greetings," Vukashin said. "I am back."

Sergeant Grufic searched his memory without placing the man. He was a filthy specimen, anyhow.

"I lost my leave permit," Vukashin said anxiously.

"Ah," the sergeant said. "Leave." He looked the soldier up and down. "So you went and got drunk in the woods?"

"Why, no," Vukashin told him. "I went home across the valley."

"So you went home across the valley and back?" He laughed. "I suppose the Italians gave you an escort."

"I killed a lieutenant—a second lieutenant"—Vukashin said simply.

The sergeant yawned. "Some drunk," he said. "There isn't a German down there." But as Vukashin turned to go, an image registered on his memory. "Hey," he called. "What about that son of yours, soldier?"

Vukashin averted his face. He had been afraid Sergeant Grufic might ask that question, and he was in no mood for lying. "Son?" he mumbled. "Must be mistaken, sergeant. I have a daughter."

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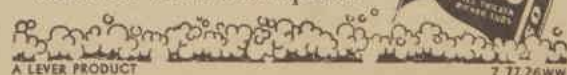
If our sewing circle never accomplished anything else, at least it's taught a lot o' my neighbours that you can't beat Rinso on washday for breezy-bright coloureds and spanking clean whites!

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COMMON PEOPLE

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By A. E. MARTIN

PEL PELHAM, spruiker, is about to launch a novelty exhibition—a 70-day fast by the showman, HENRI SAPOLIO. But on the eve of the fast, while Henri and his wife, MARIE, are giving an elaborate party, RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, who had run away from her father's circus, is murdered in the flat below.

Pel in the past had worked for Maroni, and he had met Rena again unexpectedly a little while before the murder. He borrowed £200 from his friend, SKIN ROGERS, bookmaker, agreeing in return to interview a girl who was blackmailing him, but found to his surprise when he called on her that the girl was Rena.

He appealed to her to leave Rogers alone—rather concerned that his transaction with Rogers and visit to Rena were witnessed by the surly DETECTIVE RORKE, who has an old grudge against him.

DETECTIVE LINLEY arrives with Rorke to investigate the murder. They find that many of the guests at the party had known the murdered girl, while ESTELLE, an "armless wonder," and SALVI, a sword-walker, had been with Maroni's circus when she left it. Rorke strikes trouble with some of the guests, falling to the floor with Salvi in a scuffle.

Afterwards Pel finds the key to Rena's flat where it had fallen. He also learns from Sapolio that Rogers had visited Rena that evening, and advises Rogers early next morning to leave the city at once.

Pel, in the meantime, has rented a shop and had it specially fitted up for Sapolio's fast. Now, with his assistants, DELPHINE and CECIL, standing by, he is about to open his show.

Now read on:

CECIL threw open the front doors and Pel stepped outside. He carried a little cane and tapped peremptorily on the window.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "it is my privilege to bring you face to face with the enigma of the age—the man who lives without food—Henri Sapolio, the world's champion fasting man. Sapolio, the man who is now about to embark on one of the most hazardous adventures in history, ancient or modern, defying medical science, setting the laws of nature at naught, by starving for seventy days.

"Imagine it, gentlemen, seventy days without food, one thousand, six hundred and eighty hours. For no less than one hundred thousand eight hundred minutes no food will pass the lips of this remarkable man.

"Nailed up in a glass 'tomb,' gentlemen, watched day and night, ever and always the cynosure of all eyes, Sapolio will carry on his grim task. You are just in time to meet him, talk to him, question him—aye, shake his very hand ere the grim hour arrives and he steps into his living 'tomb.'"

Delphine said from the window: "All tickets here, sixpence."

Pel tapped the window again. "But, gentlemen, it is not for sordid gain that this man Sapolio fasts week after week in his glass prison. The medical fraternity watches him with breathless interest. The news flashes around the world of science. Another miracle has happened! Sapolio has starved again! For seventy days not a morsel of food has passed his lips. The doctors are confounded. . . . scientists reel. They cannot understand it.

"Cables come from Vienna, Paris, London, New York, seeking news and confirmation of this miracle which you are privileged to see taking place beneath your very eye for the small sum of sixpence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he continued (for by this time there were women in his audience), "on the inside carpenters are waiting, hammers in hand, ready to nail this dauntless man into his self-sought prison. Think of it, ladies and gentlemen, Sapolio subsisting solely on soda water day after day, growing gaunter and gaunter, fighting the dreadful pangs of hunger, facing with unparalleled gallantry the grim task he has set himself—of starving for seventy long days.

"And you, ladies and gentlemen, are privileged to see this remarkable man actually enter the glass 'tomb' and shake his hand in farewell all for the small sum of sixpence."

There was a steady trickle through the door as he continued in a minor key: "Think of it, ladies and gentlemen, think of it. Can you imagine seventy days without food? Can you imagine one day without food? You who have never missed a single meal—

"I 'ave." A voice spoke from the crowd in front.

"You have?" Pel pointed his cane. "And why, sir?"

"Because I 'aven't the price of it, that's why."

A plumpish, unshaven man in ragged clothes stepped forward. Pel thrust his hand into his trouser pocket.

"Then, sir," he said, grandiloquently, as one bestowing a magnificent gift. "Take this with the compliments of Henri Sapolio, the starving man, who knows only too well the dreadful pangs of hunger."

The unshaven fellow stepped forward eagerly and took the ten shilling note Pel held conspicuously between thumb and finger.

"Bless you, guv'nor," he cried hoarsely. "You're a white man." He showed the note to those about him. Then he clutched it fiercely to his breast. His eyes rolled.

"Food," he cried, hoarsely. "Ow I need food." His eyes darted this way and that, suddenly fixing themselves on a shop front opposite.

"Food," he muttered again, and, pushing his way through the crowd, went limping across the road. They watched him with silent interest as he disappeared through the portals of a cheap restaurant.

Pel tapped the window with his



"Henri Sapolio, do you undertake this task of starving at your own peril?" Pel demanded.

cane: "The great fast is about to begin. On the inside . . ."

Customers began to trickle to the ticket-box. When they hesitated Delphine's bright eye caught and hypnotised them. "There's your ticket, sir," she'd say, as if they'd already asked for it. They were ashamed to draw back.

They looked a little self-conscious, like small boys discovered by their schoolmates wheeling the baby's perambulator. They made little derogatory remarks. "I'll be the mug," one said, and a stranger looked at him and laughed as they passed in together. They seemed glad of each other's company.

Later on they were to have a drink together, and, after that they nodded to each other when they met in the street, and one day they found each other at the same race meeting and had a bet together which came off very well indeed.

One went home with the other and met his sister and fell in love with her, and eventually married her in a large church with a satin cushion to kneel upon, and little choir boys who were really little devils, but looked like angels in their spotless gowns, and sang like them, too, to say nothing of half a dozen lovely bridesmaids with expensive bouquets.

But the bride never in her wildest dreams (and she had many) suspected that she and her husband had been hurled into matrimony, so to speak, by a sixpence thrown contemptuously into a little window to pay for a ticket to see a man starve.

And, of course, Sapolio never knew either. As the customers entered he shook hands solemnly until there were too many for such personal attention. The early birds thereupon began to put on airs, relating to the late-comers the intimate things Sapolio had revealed when they came in—about his weight, his tremendous appetite under normal conditions, what he did to pass the time, and how he managed certain affairs about which they had inquired in "under-tones" when curiously could no longer be kept in bounds by good taste.

There wasn't one of them who didn't enjoy his moment of reflected glory. Next morning they told the fellows in the office and factory, speaking casually: "I had a yarn

with that starving chap, Sapolio, on the quiet, and he told me . . ."

Pel's persuasive tongue coaxed so many in that at length Sapolio had to retreat into his glass house, where he stood talking to them as they crowded about the aperture in the "tomb" like a train traveller about to set off for distant parts bidding farewell to his friends on the platform.

When the room became uncomfortably crowded, Pel left the front and pushed his way to Sapolio's side. He climbed into the glass house and stood on one of the deal chairs. Looking down upon the Frenchman he said solemnly: "Henri Sapolio, here in the assembled presence of these ladies and gentlemen I ask you for a solemn declaration. Do you undertake this task of starving for seventy days at your own peril?"

Sapolio replied in a deep voice: "I do."

"You freely permit yourself to be imprisoned in this glass 'tomb,' and agree that no food shall pass your lips until the conclusion of your fast?"

"I do!"

Pel turned to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "There, in the corner, you see the soda water on which Sapolio will subsist. It is Swiss Sodawatio, the best that money can buy, but it is not food. Alongside are boxes of Park Avenue cigarettes, the starving man's favorite smoke. You are at liberty to examine the bed, the desk, the dressing chamber—with his cane he indicated the curtained recess—and, if you wish, you may search Sapolio to see that he has no sandwiches concealed on his person."

There was a little laugh.

Please turn to page 14

BAYER

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**He was looking for trade, but found
instead a lovely girl — and trouble.**



"You've got no more chance than a cyanided rat if you don't revolt right now," urged Mr. Gage.

COCKEYED CARGO

By ...

R. HOWELLS WATKINS

"Ah," said the stevedore, "the agent of the steamship line of Senor MacLeod talks strangely with one of the officers of

the MacLeod sheep. Interesting, no?"

He loitered on. Godfrey turned a fierce eye on Mr. Gage.

"That fixes me and the line finally with the Old One," he said. "That fellow's one of the thousands of police spies. They're everywhere, and they're about as secret as if they wore uniforms. You'd better get back aboard."

Mr. Gage sighed heavily, and walked on towards the landward end of the jetty.

He discovered that the idle stevedore was following him. Experimentally Mr. Gage quickened his pace. For a time the ragged one walked faster, too. But Mr. Gage's long thin legs swung like scissor blades. The stevedore gave it up. He leaned against a pile of flour bags and rested after his day's work.

La Libertad was like many another tropic puerto at which Mr. Gage had called. As it clung frantically to the shoulders of the mountains to keep its houses from sliding into the sea, all the streets ran upwards. Upwards a little way into the mountains they stretched, and one ran over the mountains to San Luis and the Old One.

The Old One. Mr. Gage stopped walking. What was the good of his prowling these slanting streets when the Old One lived over the pass in San Luis?

A band of children obligingly halted their play to escort him to the market place where one could find a bus. The bus was gay with imminent departure. The passengers obligingly gathered up their belongings, including a fighting cock, to make room for him.

But of a sudden men and women fell silent.

Mr. Gage followed the glances of

their frightened eyes. A hundred feet behind the bus a topless taxicab had drawn up. And in it, completely at ease, reposed the ragged stevedore. It was plain he was prepared to follow the bus.

"Martinez!" breathed the man next to Mr. Gage. Apparently there was not a person in the bus who considered himself above the Old One's suspicion or beyond his punishment. They were frightened.

The bus rumbled and trembled at the task before it; then buckled down to the grades. The genius and taxes of the Old One had constructed a curving and magnificent highway up the mountains, a highway that climbed always and twisted always.

They came at last to the crest of the pass. Below was San Luis. The boiling bus lunged forward, and Mr. Gage's sunburn went grey. Nevertheless, he was alive when the bus shot into the teeming, narrow streets of the capital.

The bus disgorged its passengers on a street made narrower by milling crowds. Mr. Gage plunged into the crowd in hope of shaking off his follower. But Martinez threaded through the milling people like a needle through rotten canvas. His eyes on Mr. Gage were fiercely contemptuous.

Mr. Gage straightened his scrawny shoulders and decided to do something about it. Ignoring his trailer, he made his way to the palace of the Old One overlooking the heart of the city on a rounded rise of ground, and surrounded by most luxuriant and verdant gardens. These green stretches of beauty, he had been told, were open to the public. But the public eschewed them.

No doubt for sound reasons. Mr. Gage decided, with a glance at the palace, magnificent at the end of a broad avenue. Its entrance was well guarded by soldiers—too many to be mere sentries.

Stopping to light a cigarette, Mr. Gage observed that Martinez was

chief engineer why the MacLeod line was not getting any cargo.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gage in a thinner voice. There was a catch in this somewhere.

"So," said Captain Rumson, "knowing what a good idea young Mr. MacLeod has of your brain power, I cabled him that you had stated that you had the solution of the MacLeod line's grave cargo difficulties at your finger-tips. He replied—Ah, h'm."

Captain Rumson lifted a cable from his desk and unfolded it in a leisurely manner. "Mr. MacLeod says: 'Turn loose Gage. Have greatest confidence in his perspicacity. Hope for his sake and ours we are right.' He added nastily: 'The agent's boat is waiting alongside. Go ashore, Mr. Gage. My regards to the Old One of San Luis. And if you are no longer the pet of the front office after this you have only yourself to blame.'"

There were moments when Mr. Gage realised that it was his not to make reply. This, judging from the candle-power in Captain Rumson's eye, was one of them.

While the agent's men strained at the oars, Mr. Gage pondered that crack of Captain Rumson about the Old One of San Luis. The Old One had been dictator of this stable republic ever since the MacLeod line had been calling here. The Old

One had never interfered with it.

Mr. Gage saw the agent, Mr. Godfrey, on the jetty and decided to ask him. Coming closer, he noticed that Mr. Godfrey's stance on the jetty was that of a man who had decided to end it all, but couldn't see that even that was any use.

"Sons-in-law," he told Mr. Gage dreadingly. "Sons-in-law of the Old One. Two of 'em. They've gone into the shipping business—which is why I and some others are practically out of it. One of 'em has been made a director of the Zellerbach-Mendoza line. There ain't going to be any leavings. Sons-in—"

He looked around. A ragged stevedore was within fifty feet.

"Sons-in-law of the Old One," he concluded, and even so his voice became almost a whisper.

More than most free-born Americans, Mr. Gage objected to any restriction on freedom of speech. He was very fond of speech.

"What's the whispering for?" he asked, with a glance of disdain at the loitering stevedore. "It's a free country, isn't it?"

The ragged one strolled nearer. His black eyes were very shiny. "Who says it is a free country, senator?" he inquired softly.

Godfrey was silent, and his foot pressed very hard on Mr. Gage's. The second mate recalled forcibly that the Old One was an old-style South American, a new-style European, dictator.

BUBBLES - BABY TALK



Mr. Gage thought sweet politeness was a sound sales policy, until he tried to sell himself to an irate old dictator.

agitated. Well, dictators were funny people. Maybe Gage's bold call was the ticket. Or maybe Martinez was merely worried at being led into the presence of the Old One in his stevedore's rig.

Mr. Gage conceded that he was well off soundings himself. But he kept heading up the broad way to the palace.

Of a sudden, as Mr. Gage mounted the steps of the palace, Martinez sprinted up behind him and grabbed him around the waist. At the same time he loosed a torrent of Spanish at the soldiers.

Mr. Gage stood stock still. He tried hard to look like an inoffensive tourist. The soldiers came forward with a rush.

Under the command of an officer, they scrambled Mr. Gage and Martinez. Of a sudden one of them threatened Martinez with his gun butt. Another kicked him on the shin. That started him moving. A third and fourth grabbed Mr. Gage and hustled him down the steps.

Mr. Gage retreated slowly down the nearest path through the park. Martinez followed him. A curve in the path took them beyond sight of the palace entrance. Mr. Gage was getting quite tired of Martinez. When the spy gripped his shoulder he stopped.

"You think you have escape," said Martinez. "It is the police that we deal with you, not those—"

He spat expressively in the direction of the palace guard.

Somewhat Mr. Gage's fist slipped from his side up against Martinez's chin. The spy went walking backwards several feet and collapsed.

"Well, now!" said Mr. Gage. Something told him there would be trouble about this.

To avoid any further immediate controversy with Martinez, he swarmed up the slanting trunk of the nearest coco palm.

Martinez went past on the run, searching and crying for the police. When he had gone out of sight Mr. Gage descended quickly. He came down almost into the mouth of a big police dog.

The dog launched himself at Mr. Gage like an arrow. Only Mr. Gage's agility and the fact that the dog was on a leash saved the calf of his leg.

"Aurelio!" said the man on the other end of the leash. He was an officer of high rank, or at least of highly colored uniform. Politely he ignored Mr. Gage's strange descent from a coco palm.

He heaved in the dog to a shorter scope, made him fast to one end of a marble bench, and approached Mr. Gage with profuse apologies.

"That fiend dog!" he said. "It is part of my humiliation, senior, that Aurelio should make attack and intervene me while I am alring him."

"What humiliation is that—ah—General?" Mr. Gage asked tactfully.

"Major," said the minder of the dog. "Major—until lately Colonel—Ramirez. It is a low rank, indeed, as rank goes in the army of the presidente. I have troubles. Will you not sit, senior, and recover your breath. American visitor?"

"Off the Henrietta MacLeod," said Mr. Gage. This soldier seemed a companionable sort of guy and might do for a screen if Martinez came back with his police. "I'm there with the troubles, myself."

"If I could assist," said Ramirez. "I don't seem to like your dictator. Just what kind of a—man is the Old One, anyhow?"

Young Major Ramirez spoke in a lowered voice: "Of a such that for a mere eye looking sideways at his

ance of mine there—what you call the poodle—and Dios! this one, it would tear it up."

"Troubles are tough," said Mr. Gage. "For instance, we drop our hook in the roadstead of La Libertad. And there is not enough cargo here to fill the Old Man's pants pocket. I pass a remark about how to get it, and the first thing you know I'm chased up here—me, the second mate—to tell the Old One to call off his sons-in-law."

"It would not be advisable," Major Ramirez said, with his eyes fixed on the gate of the house outside the palace grounds. He went on about his own troubles: "Only the other day the full strength of my muscles was needed to prevent a catastrophe—what a catastrophe!—as this dog of the dogs rushed upon the poodle of Senorita—the lady, senior, whose presence in San Luis is the reason why I do not leave the scene of my degradation." He sighed. "A lady most beautiful, but beyond me. Were it not for her—"

Suddenly Major Ramirez leaped up and shivered. Two women had come out of the house, and one of them, the younger and the slimmer, had on a leash a white poodle. "Dolores!" murmured the young officer. He took a hard grip on the leather strap that held the police dog.

"Well, I'll be going," said Mr. Gage hastily. He moved on wondering if he could reach the Old One's ear by telephone before the police got him.

His course did not take him far from the Senorita Dolores. Though Mrs. Gage was a blonde, he approved of this dark girl and the shy smile she gave him because he had been speaking to Major Ramirez.

Then Mr. Gage's attention was wrenched from the palace by a quick commotion behind him. He swung around. The police dog Aurelio had broken the leather strap and was attacking towards Dolores' poodle with murder in every lunge of his legs. After him raced Ramirez. The young officer was jerking out his automatic in a frenzy.

Mr. Gage moved fast. He scooped up a coconut from underneath the nearest palm, jumped in front of Dolores, and let go at the dog. As he hurled it his awkward missile slipped in his grip and went wild. It shot past the dog and hit Major Ramirez in the chest.

The officer toppled over backwards. Simultaneously the automatic in his hand exploded under the tense gripping of his fingers.

Mr. Gage caught up another coconut. Now the dog Aurelio was almost on the poodle. But this time Mr. Gage's hand did not slip. He landed hard in the police dog's ribs. The dog let out a yelp, swerved, and went killing away across the grass.

Pull of apologies, Mr. Gage rushed towards Ramirez as he bounded to his feet. Then he paused to look around.

Strangely the commotion out in the palace grounds had transmitted itself to the palace. That severely classical building had suddenly become a place housing a shrieking, howling mob. In front of it the officers and guards were swirling about in uncertain and undirected activity.

Mr. Gage's gaze focused on a window of one of the front rooms. Major Ramirez's wild shot had crashed through the glass.

Of a sudden, in that very window, below the starred mark of the bullet, appeared the hairless head and heavy jaw of the Old One. As he saw Ramirez, gun drawn and uniform disordered, he made a gesture to someone behind him and there was a command of death in the tensing fist.

Mr. Gage swung around to the startled Ramirez. He saw not only the young major, but Martinez—Martinez running soundlessly to take the bewildered Ramirez in the rear. For the second time that day Mr. Gage flattened Martinez. Then he clutched Ramirez's arm.

Shots were crashing out inside the palace. Of a sudden one of the officers in the milling military by the front entrance raised a mighty shout: "Viva Ramirez!"

The cry shook the uncertainty out of officers and men alike. They echoed it: "Viva Ramirez!"

Mr. Gage seized Ramirez by the arm. "I'm telling you, brother," he said rapidly. "You've got no more

chance than a cyanided rat if you don't revolt right now. The Old One's out to get you sure. But this town's ripe for a riot. Listen to 'em! Run—or get yourself at the head of that army!"

Apparently the same idea had occurred to Dolores. She had run up to Ramirez, and was volleying Spanish at him. What she said sounded extremely inflammable to Mr. Gage.

Of a sudden Ramirez straightened up. What he cried out may have been words, but it sounded like an air-raid siren in high. And he went off like a rocket.

With a roar the soldiers outside bunched and started surging into the palace. Only a few waited, waving their guns, as Major Ramirez joined the action.

Martinez climbed to his feet. He looked at Mr. Gage, and he listened to the uproar inside the palace. Shots were cracking briskly inside. Of a sudden Martinez raised his hat, bowed politely to Mr. Gage and Dolores. "Viva Ramirez!" he said. "I am no longer of the police, senior."

Hurriedly he walked away.

Mr. Gage hustled Dolores and her companion back towards the marble bench, and in a short while the firing halted and the cheering increased. Out of the palace strode Major Ramirez, attended by soldiers and citizenry alike. He marched over to the marble bench and soundly kissed Dolores' hand. Then he clasped Mr. Gage's hand with both his.

"The Old One is my prisoner," he said. "The people have spoken. They would have me provisional presidente, that I may restore freedom to the people."

Again he shook Mr. Gage's hand. "You are my friend," he said. "You are more than my friend! And you are an experienced man of the sea. We badly need in this country such a man to spread our products all over the world, as they deserve."

Mr. Gage shook his head. Call it what you would, it was only a shore job.

"Your country needs you, General," he said. "My country and my ship need me, especially if the Henrietta MacLeod"—he spelled it out—"happens to pick up any cargo down in La Libertad. Do you see what I mean?"

Ramirez waved a hand to indicate his understanding. He did not speak, for the noise of the approaching populace made hearing impossible. He turned to prevent himself from being overwhelmed instead of honored by their plaudits. And Mr. Gage seized that moment to shove off.

Late, very late, that night, Mr. Gage crawled off the bus down in the port of La Libertad. On spaghetti-like legs he wavered towards the jetty.

The Henrietta MacLeod, blessed sight, was alongside. She was alongside the Zellerbach-Mendoza freighter. The Henrietta's cargo clusters were blazing. So, too, were the other freighter's lights. The Henrietta's winches were clattering. They were snatching big drafts of cargo out of the hold of the other ship, big mouthfuls of coffee, cacao, and other products of the republic, and dropping them into the Henrietta's own holds.

The stuff was coming fast. Mr. Gage grinned. General Ramirez had not forgotten. And the sons-in-law of the Old One had retired from the shipping business.

At the head of the gangway Mr. Gage encountered Captain Rumson. "Where you been?" bawled the Old Man. "The agent's got us cargo. Are you second officer of this ship or not?"

Mr. Gage drew himself up like an offended queen.

"You know, sir," he said to Captain Rumson, "I was wrong about politeness getting us cargo. I had to use other methods."

"You're drunk," said Captain Rumson. "Keep that stuff coming!"

Mr. Gage saluted Captain Rumson, a rare gesture. "Keep the freight coming, sir," he said.

(Copyright)

Animal Antics



"Not so wide, Mr. Scroggs... you just swallowed my nurse!"

pretensions he has degraded me, stripped me of my medals and honors and made me the keeper of his dog, senior."

Gage was relieved. Like everybody else in town, Ramirez was no friend of the Old One. He might help against Martinez.

"You must ha' been something to see before that happened, Colonel," he said.

"I was," said Major Ramirez. "A soldierly figure, not a watcher of dogs, senior. That dog—I am fond of the animals, senior, but that dog is a dog to end dogs."

He indicated a proud house, visible beyond the ornamental iron fencing of the palace grounds. "There is a lovely little dog of a lady acquaint-

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Men of Centaur mourn loss of gallant nurses



MRS. H. SAVAGE, mother of Sister Eleanor Savage, and Sister Kit Savage, her sister, also a hospital ship nurse, leaving for Brisbane, where Sister Eleanor Savage is in hospital.



SISTER ELEANOR SAVAGE, of Gordon, Sydney, the only survivor of the matron and nurses aboard the Centaur.

Ship's steward tells of matron's birthday party on night before tragedy

By BETTY NESBIT

"I'll never forget my last glimpse of those gallant nurses. As I jumped from the Centaur, which was ablaze from stem to stern, I had a momentary vision of some of them standing on deck waiting for the lifeboats that would never be launched."

Arthur Waddington, of St. Kilda, Melbourne, who was the nurses' steward on board the Centaur, hospital ship torpedoed off the coast of Queensland, said this with deep emotion. Every survivor spoke with grief of the tragic loss of the nurses.

THERE wasn't time to launch the boats," Waddington added sadly. "In a few minutes the ship had sunk and only one nurse, Sister Eleanor Savage, of Gordon, N.S.W., managed to struggle out of the force of the suction of the sinking ship," he added.

"Just a few hours before the torpedo hit I had seen those nurses so happy. The matron in charge of the nurses, Matron Ann Jewell, who went down with the ship, was celebrating her birthday with a party.

"The nurses had decorated the dining-table with flowers and everything looked very jolly. The party started at dinner-time and there was a lovely birthday cake for her.

"The nurses bought it in Sydney, and the ship's cook led it. It was white icing, and had 'Happy Birthday from the Centaur' written in pink across it.

"I noticed that it wasn't finished at dinner, and they took it to the main saloon to finish it off during the evening.

"Matron cut a slice for them all. A special menu was served that night, too.

"I meant to ask her the next day, just for a joke, just how old she really was. I was going to remark that there weren't any candles on the cake, so was it meant to be a secret. I know she'd have enjoyed the joke.

"Another cause for the celebrations was that the nurse had just heard that he was a father, so altogether it was a jolly evening.

"At 4.30 the next morning the ship was sunk.

"Matron Jewell was a wonderful woman, and so were all her nurses. I can't bear to think that all except Sister Savage went down. They were always so jolly and pleasant that it was a pleasure to look after them.

"I had been their steward since the ship was commissioned in March," he concluded.

SISTER SAVAGE is now in hospital, her room full of water-lilies, sweet-peas, roses, gifts from the matron and staff, whose admiration for her is unbounded.

She arrived wearing a pair of tropical trousers, with a pyjama coat, and an overcoat given her by one of the men on the raft.

Immediately matron and nurses clubbed together, deputed one sister to go shopping, and within an hour Sister Savage was presented with a dressing-gown, pyjamas, slippers, underclothes, and cosmetics.

There was no coupon trouble. Friends of the staff who did not know Sister Savage offered all the coupons they had left.

"I'm grand myself, but so miserable about my friends," said Sister Savage, in a brief interview.

The nurses told me how deeply she feels this loss, and how she keeps worrying about the families of the nurses who were lost.

She begged to be allowed to write immediately to them all, but matron will not permit it until she is stronger. She tries to think of other things, but it is obviously very hard for her.

"I felt the explosion reverberating



NURSES' STEWARD in the Centaur, Arthur Waddington, of Melbourne, receives Red Cross comforts in Sydney from Mrs. A. D. Post.

about my cabin," said Sister Savage, "and saw through the porthole that the ship was on fire.

"In the corridor, on the way to our boat stations, three of us met Colonel Manson, officer commanding the hospital ship, who told us it was too late to go there, and we must jump.

"As far as I remember, we all jumped just before the ship went under.

"As soon as I hit the water I was dragged down by the suction of the vessel.

"I remember swirling over and over among the wreckage beneath the water."

It was during that time that she received her injuries—three broken ribs, a black eye, a blow on the bridge of the nose.

Never complains

SISTER SAVAGE is a marvellous patient," said Sister Myrtle Carey, who is looking after her. "She is looking much better now, is really improved, and is sleeping most of the time.

"She never complains, just glances at the paper and is thrilled at the arrival of her mother and sister."

"What I notice most is her sadness about the Sisters who have been with her so long but now are lost," said Sister Joan Parkiss, who is sharing duty with Sister Carey.

Vincent McCosker, a nursing orderly, who was also in the hospital, with burned legs, had made several trips with Sister Savage.

"Sister Savage was always great to us in the wards," he said. "She was so friendly to all.

"As soon as I am allowed up the first place I will go will be to visit Sister Savage."

James Caulson, of the medical

staff, was on the raft alongside Sister Savage.

"When we got aboard the rescue ship she wanted to assist the medical officer with the casualties. He had forcibly to insist that she rest," he said.

Private Ronald Usherwood, who was rescued after hanging an hour and a half to a big Neon Red Cross sign that kept sinking with him, was dragged to the raft with Sister Savage.

"I have been with her for 15 months," he said. "I worked with her on her last trip from the Middle East.

"She was always a favorite of mine, and I was not surprised at how gallantly she behaved.

"When she was on the raft she asked the men, 'How do I look? Is my eye very black?'

"They answered, 'Yes, Sister, you'll be all right. You haven't lost any of your beauty.'

"She always had such an infectious laugh, and if anyone said something a bit funny when we were working in the wards you could hear her laugh all over the ship."

"It is so wonderful to know Nell is safe, but I feel so sad for the mothers of the other girls," said Sister Eleanor Savage's mother, Mrs. H. Savage, of Gordon, N.S.W.

"I knew so many of them by their voices on the telephone when they rang up to speak to Nell.

"It is less than a week since Nell was home. I never thought of anything like this when she left."

Two of Mr. and Mrs. Savage's three daughters are nurses in hospital ships. Eleanor (Nell) is the youngest. The other is Sister Kit Savage. The third daughter, Winifred, is a teacher.

The day the pews of the sinking

was released Mrs. Savage spent her time continuously between telephone and front door.

Running at her heels all the time was Sister Nell Savage's dog, Paddy, a stray, whom Nell had brought home from 113th A.G.H.

Mrs. Savage was a nurse before her marriage.

"The girls often joke and say I am only an old-fashioned nurse," she said. "But, all the same, when they are sick they say they enjoy 'Mum's old-fashioned nursing.'"

Arthur Waddington, the nurses' steward, paid special tribute to the aid given survivors by the crew of the Allied vessel which picked them up.

"These American sailors were wonderful," he said. "There were about 64 of us to accommodate. They turned out of their bunks, lent us their clothes, and whipped the hat around among them and gave us 15/- each."

Red Cross help

THE baby of the ship, Bob Westwood, ordinary seaman, who is only 15, comes from Garden Vale, Victoria, has been in two ships.

"Mum doesn't like me going to sea much," he said. "Think she will like it even less after this."

He was on the same raft as Sister Savage. "She looked after me like a mother," he said.

"The Red Cross officer on board, Mr. Darwin Clarke, of South Australia, who was lost, pioneered the work of occupational therapy in Australian hospital ships," said a Red Cross official in Sydney, Mr. Frank Cayley.

Red Cross officials met members of the crew on their arrival in Sydney. They drove the N.S.W. men to their homes and entertained the interstate men during the day while waiting for the trains.

They all left carrying parcels of Red Cross comforts.

When pretty blonde Mrs. Jim Rawlings got a wire from her husband, a ship's cook, she thought it was a birthday wire.

"The day before was my birthday," she said. "Although Jim has been ten years at sea, he never misses sending me a wire somewhere near the time, if he is in port."

"I thought the wording, 'Safe and well, don't worry,' was peculiar for a birthday wire."

"Then I got word to say what had happened."

"I had simply never thought of anything happening to Jim on a hospital ship. I have been anxious many times before, but this trip I thought he would be safe."

Other pictures of survivors—page 13

DOCTOR'S TRIBUTE

"MATRON JEWELL did a wonderful job, both in the Dutch hospital ship, the Oranje, and in the organisation of the nursing staff in the Centaur."

This tribute was paid to her by Colonel A. J. Aspinall, who was Liaison Administrative Officer on board the Oranje.

Seven of the nurses lost in the Centaur had been in the Dutch ship. "Matron Jewell was extremely proud of the Centaur, and was interested in getting it ready," he said.

"She was a fine matron. She knew how to discipline her staff, but never harshly. She had the outlook of youth and never for a moment lost interest in her nurses.

"I saw her just a few days before she sailed and she was full of enthusiasm.

"The nurses were the finest batch of women one could find. One of them, Sister Mary McFarlane, of South Australia, was the first Australian nurse to sail in the Oranje. Everyone loved her."

Editorial

MAY 29, 1943

GROW YOUR OWN

THE nation's food authorities are making a more urgent appeal to home gardeners to increase their efforts.

Australia is not growing enough vegetables. Forty thousand acres more must be planted to fill civilian and Service needs.

So every cabbage or carrot grown in a backyard plot is a real piece of war work.

The gardening enthusiast needs no urging in this matter. He has long known the joy of making things grow, and the satisfaction of triumphantly bearing a portly cauliflower to the kitchen.

Now the nation wants to recruit to the vegetable army the fellows from next door who have always wondered how their neighbors could enjoy week-ends spent grubbing in the dirt.

If these scoffers can be persuaded to take up gardening, most of them will quickly discover for themselves that the quiet, deep pleasure that it brings.

Any who continue to regard it as drudgery can remind themselves that the fresh air and exercise are good for them, that they're saving money, and that it's a war job.

There will be plenty of opportunities for neighborly co-operation.

Mr. Smith, for example, might do some digging for Mrs. Jones, whose husband is away at the war, in return for her doing some weeding in his plot.

There will be much swapping of seeds and seedlings, of advice, of boasts.

Altogether, gardening is one of the most pleasant and profitable forms of war work.

—THE EDITOR.



N.A.A.F. BOYS built this snow kangaroo in Boston when travelling through America. Photo sent by A.C.I. Bill Homer (second left) to his mother, Village Lower Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W.



FIVE GUNNERS IN NEW GUINEA. Back row, left to right: Alan Masted, "Butch" La Hay, "Skinny" La Hay. Front: R. Watson and Norm Kerber. Photo sent by Gunner Watson to Miss Brownlee, Mascot, N.S.W.

New Guinea natives honored at impressive ceremony

A bugler who played at the presentation to New Guinea natives of medals for bravery describes the ceremony as "marvellous."

He is Bombardier R. Burrows, and the letter is written to his mother, Mrs. R. J. Burrows, 1 Blackmore St., Windsor, Qld.

"I WAS asked to play the bugle at a ceremony and, not knowing where it was to be, I didn't like the idea very much," he says.

"But now I'm glad I did it, for I saw something that possibly I shan't see again.

"We left here by launch and sailed up the coast to a huge native village, and what a marvellous sight I saw! It was a ceremony for the presentation to natives of medals for bravery.

"There were thirty lads for the guard of honor, a few officers, including the General, and we three buglers.

"We arrived at 2.30 p.m. at the jetty, which was all done out in ferns and flowers, serving as an avenue of approach to the presentation stand.

"All the tribes from all over the place started to roll up, until there were about eight hundred natives with their wives and children, all in ceremonial dress.

"Against the green background of lawn it was a sight worth seeing.

"We wandered around talking to the natives, watching the boys climb the palms to get coconuts, and went across to where the boys were preparing three big bullocks for the great feast at night.

"At four o'clock, while fifteen of the natives played the tom-toms, three big natives, dressed in war-paint and trappings, began the dance. These three were joined by more and more until there was one big mob of them dancing, and it looked good.

"One of them would sing a couple of tunes, then the whole lot would sing together. It was marvellous. Then all the 'Maries' started skipping right around the men.

"This went on till about half-past five, the bullocks all this time being fixed for the barbecue.

"The General took the salute and presented the medals, and the buglers played.

"We were sorry to leave. We understood the dance would start

again about six o'clock and go on till midnight."

Capt. H. A. Dean, prisoner of war in Oflag VII B in Germany to his fiancée, Miss Jessie Foley, 170 Bellerine St., Geelong, Vic.:

"WE had a good laugh at our show, 'Babs Up'.

"The story was about a Count Regent, who contrived to have the Prince and Princess killed to gain the estates. This, however, failed, and he and the Countess were exiled.

"One thing that tickled everyone's fancy was the Princess (Lieut. Sam Crouch), who looked absolutely wizard, but, unfortunately, was unable to step up his voice.

"As soon as he opened his mouth everyone screamed with laughter. The cross chat was also very good, a few of the notables getting a rocket.

"The final scene, a ballet, was jolly funny. Charlie Hopetoun came into his own in this. He's a hard doer, you'd never think him an Earl.

"To-night the Jocks are coming into their own. They have been tuning up their pipes all day. Will have a look for a while, then will be leaving them to their snake charming and Highland screams."

Sig. J. Beedles in New Guinea to his wife at Waterdale Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic.:

"JOE E. BROWN was here in person. He gave a show quite near where we are, and the boys turned up in force to see his antics.

"He performed on a makeshift stage, out in the open air, and worked his hardest to give the boys a laugh. Rain did not dampen the proceedings.

"There was a small jazz band, minus a piano—the pianist and his piano got lost somewhere along the road. But Joe carried the show with gags and witty stories and cracks about the enormous hole he calls a mouth.

"In his own words, 'I'm damn good, you know, but I got a hell of a break from Nature.'"

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Cpl. J. A. Poole in New Guinea to his wife in Lambton, N.S.W.:

"WE visited a native hospital on an island near here.

"After dark the native boys built fires and put on ceremonial dress, which consisted of painting their faces, putting bones through their noses and ears, feathers in their hair, and gaudy grass skirts around their waists to perform the tribal dances.

"Later they sat around the camp fires and sang. Most of the songs were sung in the native tongue, but on one occasion we were glad that the darkness hid our smiles.

"In the middle of singing 'Silent Night,' which is one of the mission hymns, they broke into 'Hess Em All,' sung in our language."

An officer somewhere in Australia to his mother in Strathfield, N.S.W.:

"ON Anzac morning I attended a dawn service held by one of our battalions. The long lines of troops marched on to the big parade ground in the dawn, quite silently, with the half-light of the coming day shadowing their fixed bayonets.

"Round and about was the thick bush, still and grey in the remnants of the falling night.

"Our Brigadier, one of the simplest and finest men I have known, spoke a few simple words. He was on Gallipoli as a boy of eighteen in the last war.

"The many men standing there so still sang 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past'.

"The grey dawn lightened quickly. I thought of what was gone and what was still to come.

"In the afternoon we had a cricket match against one of the R.A.A.F. Squadrons.

"They scored 188, and we were 187, the last man in and with three minutes to play. They ran two byes, and then the last man was bowled, so that we won by one run."

Interesting People



F.O. J. E. MORPHETT ... bombing in Burma.

FOR successfully carrying out bombing operation in Burma while piloting bomber with defective engine, and getting his plane back to base, Flying-Officer Joseph E. Morphett, R.A.A.F., Adelaide, has been awarded Distinguished Flying Cross. It was his 60th operational flight. Formerly was science master in South Australian high school. Is bachelor of science.



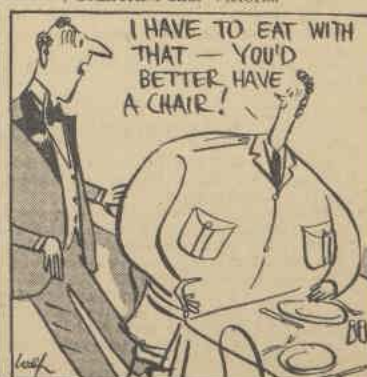
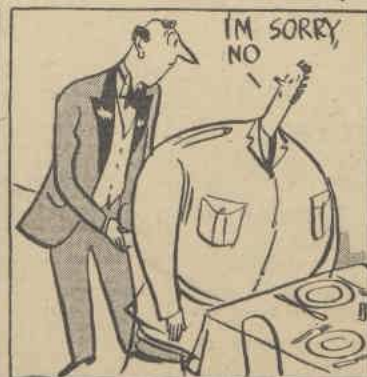
MISS GLADYS CONABERE ... special war research.

HONOR for Australian scientist. Miss Gladys Conabere, formerly of Melbourne. Has just been elected to Fellowship of Institute of Chemists, London, for special war research work. After taking bachelor of science degree at Melbourne University, she worked in Brisbane before going to London.



MR. C. K. GAMBLE American Red Cross.

RETURNED from U.S.A., where he discussed problems of Red Cross in S.W. Pacific, Mr. Charles K. Gamble, Melbourne, is now American Red Cross High Commissioner for South Pacific. Work includes responsibility for recreational facilities for American troops. Is also liaison officer in Australia for Anzac Division, British War Relief Society, New York. Is former member of executive committee. Australian Comforts Fund, Victoria.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

BECAUSE the Sun entered the sign Gemini last week, people born under Aquarius, Libra, and Gemini, together with a goodly number of Arians and Leonians, will find that this week and the next two or three will produce more opportunities and pleasures than usual.

Therefore, it is fit and proper to make desired changes, seek advancement, and ask favors.

For Virgians, Sagittarians, and Pisceans, however, the weeks can now be rather difficult and disappointing, with obstacles, delays, losses or discord and worries predominating. These people should live quietly.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Modest advancements or gains and changes possible on May 29 (from 9 a.m. to noon), also approaching midlife. Sunrise and sunset hours poor. May 28 (evening) and May 29 (daylight hours) poor.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Consolidate past gains. May 27 (late evening) and May 28 (10 to 11 a.m. and between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m.) helpful; then poor. May 26 and May 27 (mid-day hours) poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Advancements and gains possible, so get busy. Ullula May 23 (early afternoon best); May 24 (10 to 11 a.m.) very fair; May 25 (between 10 a.m. and 11 a.m.) good to noon; poor again around sunset, but late evening hours good. May 26 (11 p.m. hours), May 27 and May 28 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Concentrate on routine affairs now, but plan for weeks ahead. Meanwhile May 22 and May 27 (sunset hours) poor, but late evening helpful. May 28 (dusk) is slightly helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): May 29 (from 9 a.m. to noon, or after 9 p.m.) quite good, but sunrise and sunset hours poor. May 30 and May 27 (late hours) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week for caution. Obstacles and losses or unwise changes predominate, especially on May 28 (evening, worst, dawn very poor); May 27 (late afternoon worst), and May 29 (evening worst). Live quietly, avoiding discord, upsets, and impatience.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): The first week ahead is good to plan wisely. May 25 (especially early afternoon hours) good; May 26 (around dawn) poor, then good to 2 p.m., but poor during evening; May 27 (evening) and May 28 and 29 poor. June 1 (evening) quite good.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 21): May 27 (around sunset) poor, but fair during late evening. May 28 (to forenoon and around dusk) good, but poor after 8:30 p.m. May 29, 26, 27, and June 1 all poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Be guarded and do nothing that may bring partings, losses, disappointments, or upsets. May 26 to May 28 (midnight) very poor. May 30 poor. Keep strictly to routine tasks.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Unspectacular, so routine work advised. May 28 (evening) to May 30 (evening) sleepless poor. June 1 (after 9 p.m.) just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A time for optimism, hard work, and confidence. May 25 (especially early afternoon hours) good; May 26 (to 2 p.m.) good, with evening poor; May 28 (forenoon and dusk) helpful, but then poor; May 29 (from 9 a.m. to noon, and after 9 p.m.) good, but sunrise and sunset hours poor; May 31 (mid-day and evening hours only) just fair.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Be on guard against difficulties, worries, delays, and upsets. Routine tasks best. This is particularly so on May 26, 27 (late), 28, and 29 (afternoon).

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

FILM GUIDE

* **Cairo**. Singing star Jeanette MacDonald forsakes musical comedy for a spy melodrama, but she is still at her best in her all-too-few lighter romantic moments with Robert Young. This spy story, with a Libyan desert setting, becomes confusing and unconvincing because it so often slips into farce.—St. James' showing.

* **Stardust on the Sage**. A mildly entertaining Western with Gene Autry in a standard role. The story is pretty time-worn, and revolves round the cowboy hero, who wins out against a scheming band of outlaws. Some attractive musical numbers are introduced, but they often tend to slow down the action.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

* **Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen**. Dull fare with William Gargan as the dim-witted hero who possesses a talent for getting himself into difficult predicaments. Margaret Lindsay as his secretary and romantic interest is equally scatter-brained.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have discovered that the series of attempted murders at the house where they are spending the week-end have been caused by their hostess.

UNCLE: Who has used a striped orchid which creates an urge to kill. On learning that his plans have been upset, Uncle grabs up

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Coehalgne, whom he has imprisoned in a green-house cellar, and carries her to a shack, where he intends to hold her as a hostage. The building is surrounded by poison bushes which are death to touch, and when Mandrake attempts to go to Narda's help he is restrained by **CLAIR:** Whose inheritance Uncle will lose if she marries. NOW READ ON:



LAST WARNING, UNCLE! BRING NARDA HERE OR I'LL BURN YOU OUT!

NO, MANDRAKE--



A FIRE WOULD KILL NARDA--AS WELL AS ME! YOU DON'T DARE!



FROM THE SHACK AMIDST THE POISON BRAMBLES, UNCLE TAUNTS MANDRAKE--

JUST WATCH ME, UNCLE--AND SEE!



HOLDING UNCLE'S GLANCE, MANDRAKE'S EYES BURN HYPNOTICALLY...



AND HUGE FLAMES SEEM TO ROAR ACROSS THE FIELD OF POISONED DEATH!



WE SET FIRE TO THE FIELD! WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

AS MANDRAKE'S HYPNOTIC FLAMES BLAZE HIGH--UNCLE DASHES FROM THE SHACK--



STAY THERE, NARDA! DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW HIM!



UNCLE RACES THROUGH THE PATH OF HARMLESS BUSHES, THE ONLY PATHWAY IN THE FIELD OF POISONED BRAMBLES...



THE FIRE'S GONE! IT WAS--A TRICK!

THAT WORKED.



NARDA IS LEFT ALONE IN THE CENTRE OF THE FIELD OF DEADLY POISONOUS BRAMBLES--



I DIDN'T WANT NARDA TO RUN AFTER YOU, FOR FEAR SHE'D TRIP OR LOSE HER WAY! NOW, UNCLE, LEAD ME BACK TO HER--SLOWLY--THROUGH THE HARMLESS BUSHES.



ONCE I GET HIM BACK INTO THE FIELD, I CAN GIVE HIM A QUICK PUSH INTO THE BRAMBLES--AND THAT WILL BE THE END OF HIM!



YOU WIN, MANDRAKE. I'M HELPLESS, I'LL LEAD YOU TO HER. BETTER GIVE ME YOUR HAND. THE PATH IS NARROW--AND TRICKY.



UNCLE SUDDENLY TRIES TO THROW MANDRAKE INTO THE POISONOUS BRAMBLES WHICH GROW ON EACH SIDE



I WAS READY FOR YOU, UNCLE. YOU AGREED TO HELP ME TOO EASILY.

I WON'T LEAD YOU ANOTHER STEP! NOT UNLESS YOU AGREE TO FREE ME AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER!



YOU'RE GOING TO GAD!

THEN TRY TO LEAVE THIS FIELD OF POISON THORNS! THE PATH IS HIDDEN--AND NARROW!

TO BE CONTINUED

Airman's grim year in Algerian prison camp

Terrible punishment for attempted escape

Flt.-Sgt. Aubrey Latter, an observer in the R.A.A.F., was married a month before he left Australia.

On his first wedding anniversary his plane crashed into the Mediterranean.

He spent his second anniversary in a grim internment camp in Algeria, from which he was released by the Allied landing in North Africa.

Now his young wife hopes he may spend his third anniversary with her in Australia, for this week Mrs. Latter received this cable from her husband: "Received wonderful news. Keep fingers crossed."

FLIGHT-SERGEANT LAT-TER, of Mullumbimby, N.S.W., was assistant manager of a country store before he joined the R.A.A.F.

He met his bride, Miss Norma Bates, of Roseville, N.S.W., when he came to training school near Sydney.

They were married on October 4, 1940, and he sailed on October 31.

After flights over the North Sea, France, and Germany, he went to Malta with a Blenheim bomber squadron, and was shot down 80 miles from Tripoli.

Here is Flight-Sergeant Latter's own story of his grim adventure in letters to his wife:

I was on a job over Tripoli on our first wedding anniversary when I was shot down into the sea.

The gunner could not get the rubber dinghy out, so I went back into the plane and just managed to get it out as the crate sank. The seas were rough—twenty-foot waves.

The dinghy overturned often; we lost all our provisions, food, water, and signals the first night.

So we drifted, swam, and paddled for six days and nights with only a packet of chewing-gum each. Our ration was one cake of chewing-gum per day.

On the sixth morning we saw land, but were becalmed. All that day we just lay within sight of land, drifting.

I got out and tried to push the dinghy, but it was hopeless; I was exhausted after about six attempts.

At last three natives swam the last twenty yards and pulled us in on to an island.

The Arabs told the French about us, and we were taken to the Commandant's place.

Here we were given a lump of sugar covered in brandy, it was wonderful, then a lump of sugar coated with peppermint liqueur, then a bowl of coffee with brandy in it, and then toasted bread and jam.

This occupied about three hours, during which they dressed our wounds and scratches—nothing serious, but very painful after six days of salt water.

The Chief of Military Police came and took us to his place. The Head



LAGHOVAT, Algerian prison, where Flt.-Sgt. Latter spent a year.



FLT.-SGT. AUBREY LAT-TER, whose plane crashed in the Mediterranean, 80 miles from Tripoli.



MRS. LAT-TER, wearing the silver and white enamel Observer's badge which she received this week from her husband in England.

Man of the Arabs on the island sent cigarettes and wine.

We were given a bottle of champagne, rum, cognac, jam, a dozen hard-boiled eggs, bread, and meat, besides having all we could possibly eat while we were there.

We were given English tea and 300 francs by a Maltese lady. English tea in Tunisia is like corn in Egypt. A Jewish citizen gave us 160 francs and a bottle of rum.

I kept worrying about you and how you would take the news I was "missing."

As soon as I could I saw the American Consul here in Tunis and sent the cable off to you.

The secretary of American Consul and his representative arrived and fitted us out with civilian clothes. These are funny. They fit only in places where they touch.

We are leaving here for a place further into the desert in Algeria called Laghouat.

I am growing a beard, as razor-blades are scarce.

From Laghouat he wrote: The food is not bad here at Laghouat. The lack of tea is the worst. I hate red wine.

We were interned in the Military Barracks, and barricaded off with barbed wire 8 ft. high. There are guards (dozens of 'em) day and night.

The discipline is strict. Have to be up and make your bed a certain way by 9 a.m. Heaven knows what for, as breakfast is not till 11 a.m.

The worst thing is having nothing to do, and when you have supplies you are inclined to eat all day. This means you are over-bloated, have no exercise, and diarrhoea is very frequent.

Being dirty is my greatest hardship, I think. Soap is scarce. My leg was hurt but I'll soon be able to walk without a limp and my sores will be healed.

The flies are terrible; there are millions of them.

Tunnelled out

FLIGHT-SERGEANT LAT-TER's next letter describes an attempt to escape through a tunnel dug by the prisoners.

Our escape took place on June 6, in a blazing sun by day and short, dark, hot nights.

The final number were chosen a day or so previously—everyone wanted to go.

We were not chosen according to rank, but by merit, according to the work we had put in during the seven months of digging.

We were twenty-nine men in all, seven officers and twenty-two other ranks, of the three Services.

It was very hot work in the confined space of the tunnel.

The whole tunnel, 296 feet, was cut with pocket knives, working fifteen to twenty hours a day.

At last the first man got out of the hole. It was a great moment, a clear night, a beautiful dark night, but alas! it was not long enough.

The guard was only ten feet away, inside the wall, an armed guard who would shoot, and later did kill one of our men.

Sergeant Belcher appeared. "Pop," as we called him, was stout. I had to pull like the very devil to help him out. He was a tight fit.

At last we were all ready, packs on, sticks in hand.

We each wore a sheet with a hole cut in the middle, through which we put our heads, and the sheets trailed down around our ankles as if we were Arabs.

We went as fast as possible. For half an hour nothing happened. No alarm! How wonderful! We were doing it.

"Pop" and I were both astro-navigators. We also had an excellent compass. I gave my only pair of Red Cross pyjamas for it.

The magnificent feeling of freedom comes to one only after long

months of captivity. It was over eight months since I had breathed free pure air.

One of our greatest tragedies was the rain which had fallen that day for the first time for months. We walked and walked and stumbled and our muscles cried out for a rest every twenty-five minutes. Still we plodded on.

By daylight we had covered about thirty kilometres. We made haste to dig a hollow in the sand. We cut grass and camouflaged ourselves.

We slept from exhaustion for about an hour.

Then we had breakfast. We opened our tin of honey, which "Pop" had been nursing fondly for six months. We had a cup of water and a slice of bread and honey.

Now there was nothing else to do but wait—twelve hours of torture in a blazing sun.

There we lay covered by a sheet all day, the temperature about 130 deg.

Suddenly "Pop" spotted a French N.C.O. on a horse, but he went away.

We breathed again. Then we heard voices.

The voices were close, getting closer. We were watching them. When they were about fifty yards away they saw us. These were Arabs—foot soldiers of the 22nd Tirailleur Regiment.

They had followed our footsteps in the wet sand. Damn the rain. We had trusted the wind to blow our footsteps away as it usually did.

Reprisals

AFTER we had emptied our water-bottles except for one each, we set off on our return journey with our captors.

On arriving on the outskirts of the fort we happened to meet the Commandant of the camp.

He was all smiles and asked us if we were tired. We thought, "Hello! The old boy has a sense of humor."

But oh! When he had us inside he pitched into us. He took everything.

He stripped us naked and confiscated our boots, toothbrush, tooth-paste, soap (so scarce), razor, handkerchiefs, shirts, towels, socks, underwear, trousers, braces. He left us in just what was necessary to stand up in.

Last, but worst, he confiscated my bottle of water. It was only a beer bottle, but it was more precious than jewels to me then.

This Vichy French swine, Commandant Jeunechamps, caused more misery than any other man in North Africa to the one thousand British prisoners of Laghouat.

We were thrown into cells, two men in a cell six handspans wide—about 4 ft. x 4 ft. 3 in.

Normally these cells were for Arabs, one for each cell, and were later condemned by the French doctor.

No beds, no blankets, just four walls and a floor of concrete.

I am sure every miserable man there knows the meaning of "as hard as concrete."

The first night was not so bad, except for our unquenchable thirst. They would not give us any water—reprimand period.

We were so tired we would have slept anywhere; we did.

We were stiff and sore. We ached all over, some had fallen and had skinned themselves, some had scratches going septic.

At last morning arrived. The usual coffee, a poor mixture of dates and chicory, was denied.

Wished to die

EVERYTHING we asked for, or rather shouted through the iron door for, was "defendu"—forbidden. At noon our food arrived—one plate of soup.

At 5 p.m. we were desperate.

We hadn't washed for forty-eight hours. Washing? Defendu!

Our evening meal arrived, one plate of soup, and so a second night closed in on us. All this time the cell was our home, eating, sleeping, and lavatory, for two men.

The next morning arrived—still no coffee.

But at 5 p.m. on the third day we were allowed to wash ourselves.

Men were absolutely rotten with diarrhoea and dysentery.

Oh! The sight of grown men so weak they couldn't stand, and just crying, with the tears running down their cheeks!

What a privilege! Now, instead of cleaning out our cells each morning, we were allowed to go outside our door for exercise.

After our wash on the third day things started to improve. On the fourth or fifth morning we had coffee.

We were now allowed to wash each morning.

The heat at night was stifling. It could not have been as bad as the "Black Hole of Calcutta," because we did not die. At times in the night we wished to die.

After five days we were given our palliasses. Our fifth night was spent in comparative comfort, except for blisters and concrete sores.

Some time later the welfare officer from our camp was allowed to bring us books, writing material, a bottle for water, cards, and dominoes. This was heaven.

There is hope in Flight-Sergeant Latter's next letter, written a few months later:

The Yanks landed on November 8, and we are just waiting to go now. The waiting is terrible.

His next letter was written at sea:

We left Laghouat on November 12, just four days after the landing.

Our captors were now very polite, but the Arabs guarded us to the last until we got on the train.

We got off the train and marched straight on to the boat, and here I am, so happy. So really happy.

Since his safe arrival in England Flight-Sergeant Latter has done a refresher course, and is back on active service.



OLD NANCY IS BACK
EVERY FRIDAY, 9 p.m.

2GB

We promised it ...
And here it is!

"Learn A Tune"

Jack Lumsdaine, assisted by 14-year-old singing starlet, JOAN CLARK, teaches you all the latest song hits in a way that provides novel entertainment.

2GB

MON. to THURS. 5.45 p.m.
FRIDAY 5.30 p.m.

SAFE and WELL... survivors from hospital ship



HIS DADDY CAME HOME. Little Jimmy Rawlings lights a cigarette for his father, James Rawlings, cook on the torpedoed *Centaur*.



SURVIVORS. Three of the crew leaving Sydney en route for their homes: (From left) Alec Cochran, Jim Waterson, and Martin Pash. Waterson spent one night on a raft with a dying man.



ON WAY HOME. Stanley Morgan is farewelled in Sydney by his sister-in-law, Mrs. C. Morgan, and her daughters, May and Mrs. E. Bouzfield.

"DON'T laugh, my friend!" Pel exclaimed, "Sapolio In-

alists. 'Let them search me,' he said to me to-day. 'Let them search so that they may be really sure I carry no food in concentrated form—no chocolate, no tablets!'"

Sapolio raised his arm above his head, inviting inspection. One man made a half-hearted exploration into the side pockets of his coat, but the rest appeared satisfied to trust to Sapolio's good faith.

"And, now, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission we will seal Sapolio into his living 'tomb.'"

From the ticket-box outside one could hear Delphine: "On the inside they are now about to nail the starving man in his glass 'tomb.' Admission sixpence."

Sapolio turned to Pel. "And now, my friend, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Sapolio," Pel contrived to work a little tremor of emotion into his voice.

The affecting scene was interrupted by the arrival of Cecil, the lanky youth, who came forward with a brown paper parcel and handed it to Pel with a whispered word. Everyone saw Pel lift his eyebrows in surprise.

"Thank you," he said, softly. "Thank His Excellency very much indeed. It is very kind of him."

He turned to Sapolio and said in an undertone but loud enough for those in front to hear: "A parcel of books from the Governor."

Sapolio was genuinely surprised. He recovered quickly. Smartly he came to attention, his heels clicked, and he gave a military salute. Only those in front had heard Pel's whispered words, but they quickly passed the news to those behind. Delphine, in the ticket-box, said loudly to Cecil, on the door:

"What do you think, the Governor sent a parcel of books to Sapolio to read while he fasts?"

Two girls passing on their way to the theatre overheard the remark. They told two others as they sat in the stalls waiting for the show to commence, and the man behind them, overhearing, told his wife that the Governor had sent a present to "that starving man down the street," and so it gradually carried through the auditorium till an usherette heard the whisper and told her friend at the door that the Governor had been at Sapolio's opening.

After the curtain fell quite a

Continuing . . . Common People

from page 5

number who had been at the theatre stopped out of curiosity and paid their sixpences to see Sapolio, who, by this time, was fast asleep on the mattress kindly supplied by Messrs. Beankins Pty. Ltd.

"Good-bye, Sapolio," Pel said. He had placed the Governor's books on the desk and again taken the fastening man's hand. He stepped over the woodwork into the shop proper and beckoned the two carpenters, who were waiting to fill in the remaining panel of the "tomb."

He looked at his watch. "Nail him up," he cried dramatically, and they came forward carrying the big sheet of glass between them. At that moment, however, there was an interruption.

"Where is he? Where is he? Where is my 'usban'?" a voice cried and Marie burst into the shop.

"Sapolio," she cried. "Henri!" She rushed at him, throwing her arms about his neck, kissing him again and again.

"Marie," he said, "you should not have come. You promise not to come."

"Ah, I could not stay away," she cried. "I could not bear to think of you called up in this dreadful 'tomb.' Oh, my dear, do not do this dreadful thing. Please—for Marie's sake."

She gazed tearfully into his face, her own very white above the sombre black dress, her lips colorless. Gently her husband put her from him.

"I shall be all right, chérie," he said. "Do not worry."

Delphine had left Cecil in charge and now came forward. She put her hand on Marie's plump arm.

"Take 'er away, please," Sapolio said, brokenly.

Pel said: "Look after her."

Delphine led her away. They could hear her sobbing at the entrance. But they did not hear her say between sobs, "Good business, eh! 'Ow much you take?"

Sapolio folded his arms.

"Nail me up," he ordered, standing like Sydney Carton awaiting the guillotine, while the callous carpenters set the glass in place.

Sapolio's fast had started in earnest.

The visitors sauntered about the shop, staring into the "tomb," watching Sapolio doing the most commonplace things with the deepest interest. As for Sapolio, he took no

more notice of them. He bent down and fished out a card from his suitcase and hung it from a pin near the letter slot. It read:

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF SAPOLIO Threepence

Personally autographed, 5d.

With Sapolio's fast successfully inaugurated, Pel spruiked in front off and on until after the theatres were out. Then Delphine and the lad Cecil were dismissed and the nightwatchman came on duty—an old man, rather stooped, who had once been the understander in an acrobatic act, bearing the weight of ten persons on his shoulders. He was to remain till eight in the morning.

Pel went home and had supper with his wife. He stowed away the night's takings and they went to bed. He had told her nothing of Rena Maroni. Now that Sapolio was on his way he could turn his attention to other matters.

With the light out he lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes wide open staring into the dark. He forgot about Sapolio in his glass "tomb." He began to think of Rena and Skin Rogers. He tried to recall every word the girl had said to him. He got a mental picture of the letter which Rena had sent to Rogers and which he had torn up, and his heart stopped a beat.

Suddenly he remembered tearing up the letters and throwing the pieces into the coal-scuttle in Rena's apartment.

Were the scraps still there when Linley came in? That would be bad. Bad for him, bad for Skin, bad for poor old Paul Maroni, sick at heart already he guessed. It would be terrible for him to believe that his girl was a blackmailer.

He recalled everything Skin had told him at the club, and in the car the morning after the murder. He remembered the scrap-book Rogers had kept all these years, and all at once, he began to smile. Two hours had passed since he went to bed and he rose silently and went to the bathroom. He washed his face and hands in cold water and, refreshed, went back to bed.

Again he lay on his back, his hands under his head, and stared into the dark. But this time he was not thinking of Rena Maroni or Skin Rogers. He believed in one thing at a time. He was thinking of Sapolio.

Let's see—to-morrow's Tuesday. On Saturday Henri would complete his fourth fasting day. That would be just right. Sapolio could start his lanterns in the morning and work 'em up in the afternoon. That should start the gossip. Saturday night's business ought to be pretty good.

He began rehearsing little phrases.

"Break that glass and you break your contract, Sapolio."

He got a mental picture of Sapolio, wild-eyed, brandishing a chair and, almost simultaneously, one of Marie in her great flowered apron peering anxiously into a huge pot and stirring with a big wooden spoon.

He smiled happily, thought once or twice of the night's takings with satisfaction, wondered what the postcard sales would be like (he was to have 30 per cent. of them), turned on his side, and was immediately asleep.

He did not wake until his wife nudged him. She was standing at the side of the bed with a breakfast tray.

Early in the morning he sent an urgent wire to Skin Rogers:

"Owing extraordinary circumstances advise you return soon as possible.—Pelham."

He went to the "tomb" and saw that the watchman had been relieved by Cecil, and had a peek at the docket showing the night's tak-

ings. He was more than pleased. Quite a few visitors had called during the still hours.

Sapolio was up, sitting at his table, busy shaving. Pel waved the docket and he came over, his face covered with lather. Pel slipped a copy of the docket through the letter slot. Shaving-brush in hand, Sapolio picked it up. His eyes opened wide.

"Bon," he said. "It is good, eh?" He liked to earn money while he was sleeping.

"Better than breakfast," Pel called. He had to put his mouth close to the glass. Sapolio grinned. Pel looked round cautiously. At the moment there were no visitors. He put his lips close to the pane and said: "We'll have a cranky Saturday, O.K.?"

Sapolio nodded.

"Understand? Saturday." The fasting man put the shaving-brush down and flicked over the pages of a desk calendar. He pointed to "SATURDAY," then picked up a chair and made a threatening gesture. He put the chair down and nodded his head. Pel grinned back at him and Sapolio went on with his shaving.

Later, while Pel was spruiking in front of the show—he wore a smart morning suit with lavender gloves and a slick bowler—Linley came along.

"Hello, Pelham," he greeted.

"Know where Skin Rogers is?"

"Yes. Up country. I wired him to come back pronto."

"You did? Why?"

"Thought you might like to see him. Brother Rorke saw him give me a cheque. He'll want to make mischief about it. Rogers knew Rena Maroni, you know."

"Did he now?"

"He'll ease your mind about it when he comes back." Pel directed a passer-by to the ticket-box. He said sarcastically to Linley: "As if you didn't know where Rogers was. You'd never dream of inquiring at the Jockey Club."

"Well, now!" Linley said. "Is there such a place?" He opened his eyes in mock astonishment, then added seriously: "Frankly, Pelham, there's something needs explaining."

"Count on us," Pel said.

HE broke off to turn to an inquiring client. "No, sir, he doesn't eat in the middle of the night. Call any time you like. There's no deception. This gentleman"—he indicated the detective—"is from the police. We've asked them to keep a friendly eye on us."

"You'd make a talking point of your grandmother's funeral," Linley said when the man had gone inside.

"It's a job," Pel said, stealing a phrase. He hammered with his cane on the glass window "Step up. Step up. Sapolio, the fasting man, is facing his first foodless day. He is now shaving. See the starving man shave."

"That won't cut any ice," Linley commented. "Who wants to see a man shave?"

"Who wants to see a duck—except on a stage? Put a pair of live ducks in a farm scene on a stage and people talk about 'em. Maroni down yet?"

"He should be here this afternoon."

"Tell him where I am."

"I will. You liked his girl, didn't you?"

"Sure I liked her. You'd have liked her yourself. She was a straight goer."

The detective gazed at him curiously. "Is that so?" he said, without emphasis. "Anything else I can do for you. I'm always at your service, you know."

"Thank you." Pel removed his bowler and gave a sweeping bow.

Linley had scarcely gone when a battered figure crept up to Pelham. "I thought I'd come and thank you," the man began, looking carefully about.

"It's all right, Ricketty," Pel said. "Pop in. There's a back door. Go right through and wait in the yard."

Five minutes later Pel sat on the steps alongside the tramp.

"For a beginner you did a good job," he said. "Over acted a bit. Don't roll your eyes so much. They'll think you're daft. I want 'em to think you're hungry."

"I getcher, Pel."

"Been up against it, Ricketty?"

"It's been tough lately, Pel. This is no good to a man." He thrust out a crippled foot.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Of course, I have a tool kit. But it's easier with a bobby pin."

"Been in gaol?"

"Who hasn't?" There was an obvious retort, but Pel only smiled. Ricketty went on: "I had a steady job as a cook but I left. Couldn't stand the sight of food any more. And now I run into this."

"Shearer's cook?"

"No, with a tent outfit. And did those fellows eat?"

"Whose show?"

"Maroni's Circus. I hear 'em say you were with 'em once."

Pel said: "Were you there when Rena Maroni left the show?"

Ricketty said: "Funny you asking that. It was through her in a way I got the job. I see her when she run away with that feller."

Pel said: "She was murdered down here. The night before last."

Ricketty's eyes widened. "You don't say," he said at last. "By who?"

"No one knows," Pel said. "Perhaps what you've just told me may help."

"Well, what d'you know about that?" Ricketty sat a bit closer.

"Listen, Pel," he said. "I ain't told no one this. Old Maroni said he'd set his elephants on me if I did. So I was scared. But I don't care now. His girl run away all right—with a feller. I seen her on Billie Sliding. She had a suitcase with her, an' along comes this feller, and picks it up and puts it in his car large as life."

"What sort of a feller?"

"Tall bloke. Dark."

"Who was he?"

"Now that," Ricketty replied with elaborate sarcasm. "I really didn't arst him. All I know is he had a very nice car—a very nice car, indeed. The sorta car I'd like to own myself. A Belmont."

Suddenly Pel felt a little sick. He stood up.

"Don't talk about this, Ricketty. You see how it is. The girl was murdered. You don't want the police asking you questions."

Ricketty said frankly: "I don't want nothin' to do with no police."

"All right," Pel said. "Don't worry." He waited a moment. "This chap you saw in the car with Rena Maroni—the one in the Belmont. You'd know him again?"

"Yes," Ricketty said. "I'd know him again."

Pel said casually: "Salvi, the sword-walker, was in Maroni's show, wasn't he?"

Ricketty nodded: "Smart Allick if you arst me, with his curly hair and all." He gave a respectable imitation of a shudder. "Geta me how the women fall for him. Made me sick the way some o' those country wenches looked at him. Indecent, I call it. Everywhere the same. And the girls in the show, too. Even Estelle."

"Estelle?"

"Piece with no arms. Used a knife and fork with 'er teeth. Fair gave me the shivers till I got used to it. Good-looking bit, though. I had to laugh, though."

"Laugh? What at?"

"The way she fell for Salvi. Gee, it was funny."

"How d'you mean, funny?"

"Well," Ricketty drawled. "Her waiting in her dressing tent, peeking out, looking for him—wanting him to get fresh with her, and her with no arms and all." He chuckled at the recollection.

Pel did not speak at once. He leaned down and lifted the tattered trousers, revealing Ricketty's lame foot. "Anyone ever laugh at that?" he asked.

Please turn to page 20

Jackeroo who became a radio tenor

"Calling the Stars," the full-hour show broadcast from station 2GB every Friday night, has claimed another star.

He is Anthony Strange, possessor of a fine tenor voice, who has arrived from Melbourne, and is having his first look at Sydney.

AN Englishman, Anthony Strange came to Australia for health reasons, 20 years ago, after having travelled extensively throughout Europe and lived in Tunisia.

Although his ambition was to become a singer, he decided at the outset to take up farming, and, with this in view, he went to the bush as a boundary rider and, in turn, became a slaughterman and a jackeroo.

After several months he was told he would never make a farmer so, with sixpence in his pocket, he decided to try his luck at rabbit-trapping.

But this proved a failure and in turn he became hardware salesman (earning 3/- in three weeks), coal-miner, dairyman, vacuum-cleaner salesman, employee in a chain store, and finally owner of his own display business in Melbourne.

Then came the task of finding a suitable singing teacher. After consulting two, he turned to a friend who was studying teaching, and it was agreed that they become pupil and teacher as an experiment. After three months he entered the Ballarat Elistedford and gained two seconds, the first with honorable mention. The following year he was runner-up in the grand aggregate, with an average of 92½ points, losing by only one point.



TENOR ANTHONY STRANGE, who has joined station 2GB's "Calling the Stars" team.

At this stage he turned to broadcasting, and during six and a half years in radio he has given many broadcasting performances with Gladys Moncrieff, Stella Wilson, Arnold Matters, Thes Phillips, Heddie Nash, and others. He has also sung musical comedy with Kathleen Goodall.

During his stay in Sydney he will sing not only with "Calling the Stars," but will also visit the camps with "Rise and Shine."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 26: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 27 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Thine in Favor."

FRIDAY, May 28: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, May 29: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Complete."

SUNDAY, May 30 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, May 31: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 1: Musical Alphabet.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Fashion PATTERNS



F2001

F2001.—Tailored weskite blouse, with peaked out shoulder-line. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F203.—Cozy and attractive coat for small girls, 4 to 10 years old. Requires 1½yds., 34ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3183.—Smart style to flatter not-so-slim figures. 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1901.—Trim little style for business girls. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3244.—Pretty style for florals, featuring slightly bloused bodice and pleated skirt. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F3183



F1901

F3244

Fashion Frock Service



"SUSAN" smart suit in striped staple wool

THIS attractive, man-tailored suit is fully lined and features the broad, flat lapels, a nipped-in waistline and a slimly tailored skirt.

It is available from our Fashion Frock Department in shades of dark or light navy, brown, and ink-blue.

Ready to wear, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 74/11 (23 cpts.); 36in. bust, 77/- (23 cpts.); and 38 and 40in. bust, 81/6 (23 cpts.).

Cut out, ready to make yourself. Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 51/6 (15 cpts.); 36in. bust, 54/11 (15 cpts.); and 38 and 40in. bust, 57/11 (15 cpts.). Postage, 1/9s extra.

How to obtain "SUSAN." To N.W.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 2428F22, G.P.O., Sydney. To other States use address given at right. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



F203



Needlework Notions

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES!

SHOES are very precious possessions.

You cannot afford to neglect them. To help you, the careful, fastidious one, to keep your shoes neat, tidy, and dust-free when not in use, our needlework expert has designed some very pretty and useful shoe-bags.

They come to you with the pattern traced clearly on hard-wearing linette, ready to make up and embroider. Tape or some unwanted ribbon from the scrap-bag can be used as draw-strings.

You can obtain these ready-to-make shoe-bags in lemon, green, pink, blue, and coffee linette. Note embroidery motif.

Price per pair, 1/9, plus 1½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 361 when ordering.

DAINTY LITTLE FROCK

THIS dear little frock will delight the hearts of small girls.

The pattern is traced on a floral English cotton in all-over design of pink, blue, green, and red on a white background, ready to cut out and stitch.

2 to 4 years, 3/11 (4 cpts.); 4 to 6 years, 4/3 (4 cpts.); and 6 to 8 years, 4/11 (5 cpts.).

Please add 3½d. for postage, and ask for No. 255 when ordering.

READY-TO-MAKE LAYETTE FOR BABY

SWEET indeed is the layette pictured below.

Consisting of six (6) pieces, the patterns are traced clearly on good quality white rayon crepe-de-chine.

In infants' size only: Frock, 4/11; coat, 5/11; petticoat, 3/6; nightgown, 5/6; bib, 1/-; bonnet, 1/9.

Complete set, 32/11. Plus postage, 9½d. Postage individually, 4½d.

Frock, 4 coupons; coat, 3 coupons; slip, 3 coupons; nightgown, 5 coupons; Bib, 1 coupon; bonnet, 1 coupon. Complete set requires 17 coupons.

When ordering please quote No. 157.



157



Special Concession Pattern

PRETTY FROCKS FOR SMALL GIRLS
Sizes 2 to 8 years.

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue. No. 1.—Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2.—Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 481C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 488BW, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 488BW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 25.3.43.



SOUND COMPETITION. Answers for Red Cross Sound Competition (quiz heard over 2CH every Friday) being sorted by Red Cross Aid Judith Marshall (left) and Mrs. W. S. Stenning (right), while Mrs. Nigel Smith looks on.



AUSTRALIAN books chosen by servicewomen in Y.W.C.A. library: Pte. M. E. Barber (in bookcase), Sergeant H. Newman, A.C.W. K. C. Spiller, and Pte. M. Drew.



MRS. ROOSEVELT, wife of President Roosevelt, receives gift from women workers in Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. Pillow cases embroidered with one-word message, "Love," are presented to her by Dr. J. H. Carpenter, chairman American Committee for C.I.C., when he returns to U.S.A. from tour of China, at invitation of Dr. H. H. Kung, Vice-President and Finance Minister of China.



AT RED CROSS AUCTION. Interested in glass and china auction are Mrs. Gordon Wesche (left), of Goulburn, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Venn Wesche; and back, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere and her mother, Mrs. W. Kerr.



JUMBLE SALE. Mrs. H. Muston, treasurer of Australian Comforts Fund Jumble Sale committee, at the fund's Jumble Stall at the City Markets.

Heard Around TOWN

ONLY one day's leave for Sergeant-Pilot Ross Holiday, R.A.A.F., on his way through Sydney to take up an instructor's post.

He and A.C.W. Patricia Bennett decide to announce their engagement at small party at Patricia's home at Wollstonecraft.

Patricia is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bennett, of Wollstonecraft, and Ross is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. S. Holiday, of Greenwich.

PARTIES for servicemen, W.O. and Mrs. R. S. Hutchinson, of Elizabeth Bay, give party at Romano's to celebrate birthday of their son, Sergeant Bruce Hutchinson, A.I.F.

At their home in Kogarah Mr. and Mrs. Reg Moses hold a cocktail party for their son, L.Bdr. Bob Moses, on leave from northern operational area. Sister Joan helps receive the guests.



AT ARROWS CLUB dance for servicemen and servicewomen are (behind sofa) hostess Maureen Clyne, Lance-Corporal Bob Steel, Leading Wireless-Operator Keith Fraser, hostess Nora Clyne, and, seated (left to right), Seaman B. N. Hanlon, Seaman E. M. Sheridan, Driver E. H. Lane, A.W.A.S., A.C.I. H. J. McCullum, Pte. Joan Brierley, V.A.D., and A.C.W. B. L. Graham.

LADIES' auxiliary of 2/4 Australian Pioneer Battalion have decided to extend their activities and will care for the dependents of the men as well as the men themselves.

Meeting will be held this Thursday at 7.30 at the Australia, and president Mrs. J. McCarty tells me their aim will be to provide warm clothing and necessities for dependents of the men.

On and off DUTY.

AT the opening of the Merchant Navy Club in Elizabeth Street Lady Gowrie said in her speech that she intended to call in unofficially later and inspect the club when it was in full running order.

True to her promise, she walked into the club quite unannounced one afternoon last week, and walked through the club and stopped and talked to the Merchant Navy men who were there.

Mrs. G. Muirhead-Gould, who was in charge of the voluntary workers that day, Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, Mrs. Denis Allen, and Mrs. Alan Potter were among those workers congratulated by Lady Gowrie on the excellent running of the club.

ARCHBISHOP MOWLL officiates at the wedding of Jocelyn Craig and P.O. Claude Taubman at St. Anne's, Strathfield.

Bride, who is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Keith Craig, of Burwood, is attended by her sister Sheila.

Bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. C. P. Taubman, of Strathfield, and of the late Mrs. Taubman, is attended by Mr. Dick Stroud. After the ceremony over a hundred guests assemble at Amory for the reception.



STAGE-DOOR CANTEEN. Discussing plan for new Stage-Door Canteen, which will be run by the acting profession of Sydney, are (left to right) Thelma Scott, Mrs. George Edwards, and Mrs. Peter Leslie.

THOSE who missed last showing of Pavlova's film, "The Immortal Swan," for the Russian Section of the Russian Medical Aid, will be able to see it on June 5. Committee tell me that owing to number of requests they have booked Macquarie Hall for that date to show the film again.

Mr. Alexander Sverjensky, of the Conservatorium, has arranged a new musical programme for the first half of the show.

LETTERS from England for Mrs. J. E. Walton bring news from her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Walton.

John cables earlier this year to announce his marriage to Pauline Joseph, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Joseph, of Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset, England.

John, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walton, went to England as ship's engineer, and on arrival enlisted in the R.A.F. His wife is an officer in the W.A.A.F.

John is an "old boy" of St. Aloysius College, and his mother is secretary of the ladies' committee of the college.

SUITS, dressing-gowns, costume jewellery, old china, sheepskin rugs, books, a writing desk, shoes, hats, and handbags among articles sold at St. Peter's Hall, Darlinghurst, for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

Committee, who were at the hall from 8.30 a.m., collected donations at the door to pay for the cost of the hall.

Several times during the sale Mrs. J. E. D. Bryce acts as mannequin for coats and hats.

Helpers included Mesdames E. K. White, Grant, Lindeman, E. Scofield, B. Scobie, and M. Stephen, and Miss Margaret Moore.

Mr. James Muir, auctioneer, and four helpers donated their services to the cause, and raised the sum of £260 from the sale.

ENGAGEMENT announced, Naneye Tasman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald R. Pickering, of Hurstville, and Staff-Sergeant Jack Bolton, A.I.F. (ret.), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bolton, of Gloucester, late of South Hurstville.

HIGH tea for annual meeting and reunion of Ascham O.G.U. at the Secondary Schools Club on June 4.

Secretary Helen Aspinall hopes to have special speaker to give ten minute talk after the meeting.

THE engagement is announced of Corporal Joan Hazell, A.W.A.S., and Driver Malcolm Richard (Max) Travers, A.I.F. (returned).

Joan is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hazell, of Macquarie Street, Dubbo, and Elsinore, Newtine.

Her sister Jean is an A.C.W. in the W.A.A.F. and has been for eight months at a forward base.

Despite a bout of dengue fever, Jean has put on 21lb, since she went into the W.A.A.F. and says it is "a wonderful life."



LUNCHTIME MUSIC CLUB. Miss Margaret Gillespie (president of Lunchtime Music Club), Mr. Ray Nilsson, and Miss Phyllis Raisbeck at concert at History House.

Betty



• While her doctor husband, Joel Pressman, is away with the Navy, Claudette Colbert has closed up her luxurious home, and in between films devotes her time to War Bond tours and working at the Naval Relief Depot. She is now starring in Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail."



• Now working in Universal's "Bad Company," Evelyn Ankers spends every spare minute knitting for naval husband, Richard Denning. Evelyn works at the Hollywood Canteen, and is studying first aid.



It is my job to always look fresh and smart, give special attention to my personal appearance and keep the tiring effects of nursing and War strain in the background. I show the World my cheeriest self with the aid of Escapade Lipstick. Escapade is made from the formula of our principals, who are one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Made in two sizes



Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS

Movie World

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 29, 1943

Page 47

Be suited for all occasions!

WHEN winter comes your thoughts immediately turn to suits . . . trim, adaptable little affairs, briskly tailored to use the least possible fabric and interpreted in color-gay woollens.

☞ Your new suit means more than ever to you this year. Not only has it to justify costing all those coupons . . . and cash . . . but you and it have to be good companions for months and months . . . earning your living, doing your bit of war-work, sharing your ration of relaxation.

☞ So choose carefully. The golden rule for budget-cutting and coupon-saving is to ponder over fabric, color, line . . . your present wardrobe . . . You need a suit that is a good mixer, and happily responsive to a gay little hat.

☞ A true friend in need is the suit frock . . . a smart, simple frock teamed with a trim jacket of the same or contrast material to give the appearance of a brand-new suit.



● Economical design for a widely striped wool suit, which uses a minimum of material and achieves an air of tailored slimness in the heaviest fabrics. The yoke treatment is specially effective.

● Adding a jacket to the little green frock she has sketched next it, Rene shows how a smart, plain little wool frock can be readily made to look like an entirely new suit. In this case the jacket is in diagonal green checks, but the idea lends itself to a variety of equally good interpretations.

● Simple version of the classic checked wool suit, with a delft little jacket featuring inverted pleats to give a peplum effect. The plain blue of the buttons and revers is matched up with a saucy beanie.

● Grey flannel heavily striped in red for a figure-hugging little suit, which saves material with its shaped jacket. The slender line is enhanced by the strictly tailored skirt.

● In the centre Rene has sketched an attractive little green frock. Made on simple tailored lines with belt and collar providing contrasting touches of color, it is ideal for wear with a matching or contrasting jacket.

ECZEMA and OLD SORES

Long-lived sores that just won't go need the special deep-penetrating, cleansing, healing action of FLEXIBAR OINTMENT. FLEXIBAR is an unusual ointment, made in a new formula, incorporating amongst other medicaments, T.B.T.O.2 (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful antiseptic germicide yet discovered) and a deep-penetrating, self-absorbing cream.

It is anti-greasy—it works into the under-skin tissue—penetrating fast to the source of sore infection, and by its remarkable healing, germicidal qualities, rapidly assists nature to eliminate even the most stubborn skin sores or eczema.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 225 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your Kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervinosis, Circles under Eyes, or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex starts to clear Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy relief to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex

GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

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ALERTS SOUND
when you least expect them

Make sure you're ready for that—

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CHECK THAT YOUR BLACKOUT-BLINDS ARE IN GOOD CONDITION.

KEEP A SUIT-CASE PACKED WITH ESSENTIALS IN EASY REACH...

EMPTY SAND BUCKETS WON'T PUT OUT A FIRE!

MAKE SURE YOUR FLASHLIGHT IS WORKING AND REFILLS ARE FRESH...

WHEN BUYING REFILLS—ASK FOR

EVEREADY

(AUSTRALIA) PROPRIETARY LIMITED, ROSEBURY, N. S. W.

Someone Like You

Continued from page 3

when he knew. It would be so much sweeter than writing, or even phoning.

It was a long journey north to where he was stationed. When Jeannie arrived a cold wind was tagging around the deserted station, making her regret the bright summer frock she had worn. The only warm spot in the entire world, it seemed, was the station canteen.

She chose a seat in the corner, because, standing at the counter, back towards her, was Olive. It was rather nice of Fate, she thought, arranging things so neatly for her and Olive. Presently he would turn round, and there she would be smiling at him, just like that—

The girl behind the counter disappeared into the back premises, evidently going off duty. A younger, smarter edition came through the door a few seconds later, her hair newly curled, her smile freshly applied.

The airman at the counter began to hum, as if the humming came from him almost unconsciously. "I'd know you anywhere," hummed that deep, crooning voice, and then: "As a matter of fact, I would, you know. Isn't it strange how sometimes you see somebody and have the feeling you've known them years—"

It was almost uncanny. Like being under an anaesthetic, feeling everything, and yet unable to tell them to stop.

"How can I know you mean it?" came Olive's voice. "I can't help feeling you think I was fresh—that it's just a line with me. Look, just to prove you're not hurt, not annoyed, promise you'll come out with me this evening. I'm lonely in this city—I've nobody—"

They didn't even notice the swing-doors close behind Jeannie. Everybody was out when she reached home, which was just about the last straw.

This is where I howl, she thought forlornly. But she didn't have time. Kipps' mother rang her up in extreme agitation.

"Jeannie, for goodness' sake, where can I get a good secretary for Kipps? The poor boy wants to write a story, and you know I'm hopeless. Do you think perhaps Lydia Helster would come round?"

"No," said Jeannie firmly. Lydia Helster, indeed—that feather-brained flibbertigibbet.

"I'll come round," she said shortly. Kipps' house was in an uproar. Kipps, it appeared, from what a tearful mother told her, was quite impossible.

"He's not our old Kipps!" wailed Kipps' mother. "Oh, Jeannie, I feel I don't know him any more!"

Jeannie went into the study and

stood looking at him. He had changed, there was no denying that. His eyes, keen and defiant, where they used to be quiet and benevolent. He was thinner, too, and there was something absurdly touching about the way his hair stood up. She giggled helplessly.

"But I'd know you anywhere," she said softly, "indeed I would! Oh, Kipps!"

He glared at her.

"For the love of Pete," he said angrily, "stop giggling and come here, will you? This is going to be a wizard story, if I can get the heroine to behave herself. She's everything that's perfect, yet she's foolish enough to go and get herself in love with the wrong man."

"What kind of heroine is she?" Jeannie found herself asking slowly. "Oh," he said vaguely, "someone like you, I suppose."

Her eyes filled with tears. She realised, with a queer little shock, that all his heroines from the very start had been "Someone like yourself"—always with corn-colored hair and brown eyes, "my dream girl," he had once said.

And she had thought Kipps didn't know how to love, that he hated sentiment or anything like that.

"Kipps," she said slowly, "if it's someone like me, she may think she's fallen in love with the wrong man, but all the time, deep in her heart, she'll stay in love with the right man. But what happens if the hero falls out of love with her, Kipps?"

"The hero never falls out of love, Jeannie," he said. "Haven't you learned that yet, from all the stories we've written together? Only when he knows the heroine isn't loving him any more, what can the poor silly do but let her go? Jeannie, you gave it away so easily, you poor child. What happened? Did it all go wrong? You're sure you want to come back this time for good?"

It's funny, she thought, resting her head against his coat, all that they write about love, and all the silly songs they croon, and after all, it isn't anything like that at all! It's being at home with somebody, and feeling safe and warm and—

"Oh, darling," she said suddenly, putting a hand to his face and caressing it gently, "Kipps, darling, how did you get on for shaving-water? Darling, I could have wept when I knew you might not get it boiling hot every morning."

He laughed at her, but shakily. "It would take someone like you to think of that," he told her delightedly. "Oh, darling, how I love you!"

(Copyright)

Common People

Continued from page 14

RICKETTY regarded him with surprise. "No," he said. "Let me catch 'em."

"But they did once," Pel said. "Think back a bit, pal. When we were at school together—me and you and Skin Rogers. Remember the baker's boy who called you names. He made fun of your foot—something you couldn't help. You were a soft little bloke then. And Skin Rogers went after him."

"And beat the tripe out of him," Ricketty cried, a reminiscent gleam in his eye. "That was a long while ago, Pel. I wonder what became of Skin. I ain't seen him in twenty years."

Pel gave something like a sigh as he put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Stick around, pal," he said. "I'll find plenty for you to do."

When, late that evening, Rogers came back to the city he drove direct to the street in which Pel lived and parked the car opposite a vacant allotment and waited. About midnight Pel showed up.

"Here I am, Pel."

Pelham climbed in beside him. "I sent the wire, Skin," he said, "to make it look better. There's something else, though. I tore up the letter she wrote and threw it into the coal-scuttle in her apartment. I forgot about it, but I'm pretty sure Linley found it with another one she was going to send you."

Rogers considered. "What are you going to do?"

"Dad Maroni's in town," Pel said.

"First they'll show him her body. Then, if they've got them they'll show him the letters, maybe. It'll be about kill the old man, because it'll look as if his girl was a tart and a blackmailer."

He paused. "You don't know Paul Maroni, Skin. I can imagine how he felt when Rena cleared out and left the show flat. And it wasn't only a matter of letting the show down. She didn't just leave in the ordinary way. Some fellow enticed her away. Some swine with a Belmont car—like this."

There was a little silence before Rogers said: "Meaning what?" "Meaning," Pel said deliberately, "there are a lot of swines and a lot of Belmonts. I'm wondering which swine and which Belmont."

Rogers had been sprawling negligently, half facing Pel in the semi-darkness. He straightened abruptly. "O.K.," he said. "If that's how it is, I thought I had a pal. I'll drive in and see Linley."

Pel said: "The past is past, Skin. If it weren't for that fellow and his blasted Belmont this thing wouldn't have happened. We'll see Linley together. If it's the last thing I do I'm going to try and save Paul Maroni from thinking his girl was a blackmailer."

He got out of the car. "I'll pick you up at the club at ten. O.K.?"

"Anything you say," Rogers' voice was cold. He drove off without calling "Good-night."

To be continued

Adelyn Winter Frocks



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Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

SMART CARDIGAN: You knit it in blanket wool



THE SHOULDER LINE of the cardigan above is very attractive. Neck is plain. Directions are given to fit sizes 32, 34, and 36.

● A streamlined effect is cleverly achieved in this cosy, well-designed cardigan.

DIRECTIONS are given for both long and short sleeves. You are asked to use the wool specified—blanket wool—otherwise success of garment cannot be expected.

Materials required: Six skeins (short sleeves), 8 skeins (long sleeves), "Sunbeam" or "Wiga" blanket wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 pair No. 3 needles; 9 buttons; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22ins.; bust, 32/34ins.; length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Note:—For 36in. bust use No. 0 instead of No. 3 needles.

Tension: 7 sts., 2ins.; 10 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 3 needles cast on 55 sts. Work in st-st., decreasing 1 st. each end of the 10th and then every 6th row following until decreased to 47 sts. When work measures 6ins. increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 55 sts. When work measures 14ins. shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 7ins. shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 3 needles cast on 30 sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. at centre front edge every 2nd row 3 times. Decrease 1 st. at side seam edge on the 10th and then every 6th row following until decreased to 29 sts. When work measures 6ins. increase 1 st. at side seam edge every 8th row until increased to 33 sts. When work measures 14ins. cast off 2 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 5ins. cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 15 sts. When armhole measures 7ins. shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows; 1st one being 2ins. from lower edge and 8 more 2ins. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles cast on 34 sts. Work in st-st. for 1in., then increase 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 42 sts. When work measures 5ins. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 39 sts. When work measures 6ins. from 1st decrease cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work remaining sts. for 2ins. Cast off. Stitch the 8 cast off sts. to the side of sts. worked for 2ins. to form a box sleeve.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles cast on 32 sts. Work in st-st. for 2ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 42 sts. When work measures 19ins. decrease as for short sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front, around neck and lower edge of cardigan and sleeves. Crochet 3 lengths of chain about 100ins. long and stitch on to cardigan as follows: Stitch 1st chain across waist of back, then across waist of left front to within 1 1/2ins. of front edge, then up left front to within 2 1/2ins. of neck edge, across left front, left sleeve, back, right sleeve, right front to within 1 1/2ins. of centre front, down right front and across waist. Stitch the other 2 chains the same way, having each chain about 1in. apart. Sew buttons on left front.



fortuna cloth

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Colic!—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3

How to defeat diphtheria—By MEDICO

● No reason why this deadly throat disease should not be wiped off the face of the earth.

"I DON'T want Eunice to get diphtheria," said Mrs. Bentley firmly. "She's going to be immunised."

"At nine months? That's too young," said Mrs. Bentley, senior, horrified. "And another thing, none of our family were immunised," she said with an air of finality.

I could see an argument developing, so I quickly intervened.

"Nine months isn't too young," I explained. "The most susceptible age is from twelve months to five years; and if full immunity is to be established by twelve months immunisation should be started at nine months of age. If you could see some of the cases that I have, and how every one was preventable, you wouldn't hesitate to have your child immunised."

There is no reason why diphtheria shouldn't be wiped off the face of the earth. Protection is there, so why not take advantage of it? I can't help feeling that every case of diphtheria is a major tragedy, one that is so unnecessary.

Not every child, of course, is likely to catch diphtheria; some are naturally immune, others are not so

fortunate. They have been unable to develop antibodies in their blood. This resistance to diphtheria—if it is not already present—can be created by injections of anatoxin, a perfectly harmless preparation.

To prove whether a child has a natural resistance to diphtheria or has developed resistance after injections, a skin test can be carried out. A tiny amount of diphtheria toxin is injected into the skin, and if, after twenty-four hours, there are no effects, the child is immune. However, if there is a red mark this means the child has not developed sufficient resistance, and further injections are necessary.

This skin test is very convenient if there is an epidemic, because those who are susceptible can be quickly immunised, but, because at the early age at which children should be immunised such a high proportion are susceptible, the test is usually not done, and every child is immunised as a routine.

Symptoms very deceiving

THE symptoms of diphtheria are very deceiving, and many a case has been mistaken at home as laryngitis or tonsillitis. It's always a wise precaution never to take chances with a sore throat, fever, or white spots on the tonsils.

In the majority of cases injections of antitoxin—not anatoxin—are the only treatment necessary, and it's like a miracle to watch the fever fall, breathing become easier, the membrane in the throat loosen and the swelling go down.

Diphtheria, like most of these throat troubles, is very catching, and is carried by coughing, sneezing, cups, hands, and many other ways. It's also passed on by healthy "carriers"—those who have had diphtheria and still carry the germs in their throats.

While it may be comforting to know that most cases of diphtheria can be cured, the best method is prevention rather than cure, so why take the risk? Why expose a child to unnecessary suffering, perhaps to be an invalid for life? You may think, "Oh, my child won't get diphtheria," but how can you be sure if he is not immunised?

(Every Monday at 12 noon, Medico broadcasts over all national stations to children in the 9 to 14 age group. Subject: Health and Hygiene, or Life is What You Make It.)

Mothers, too, are asked to listen-in to Medico in the interests of their children.)

DANGERS OF NEGLECTED ADENOIDS, BAD TONSILS

By our Mothercraft Nurse

SOMETIMES children of pre-school age do not thrive as they should.

They are below the normal weight-for-age and height; catch colds easily, are restless at night, and are pale with dark rings around the eyes. Sometimes they have periodic stomach upsets.

If such is the case it is a good plan to let the child have a thorough medical examination.

Quite often this lack of progress is due to an unhealthy condition of the nose or throat or of both, and if blocked air-passages or unhealthy tonsils are interfering with the child's normal progress something must be done about it at once, and skilled medical attention must be sought.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



Put your best face forward—

Yardley

YARDLEY & CO. PTY. LTD. SYDNEY, N.S.W.



Hearty fare

CREAMED rabbit, with hot cheese scones (illustrated left) is cheering fare on a cold winter's night. Cost is low, nutritive value is high, and flavor is delicious. Note the flavor tips given in the recipe on this page.

Combine the meat, the onion, fried in the fat, parsley, chopped tomato, sauce, pepper and salt. Place in an oven-proof dish and moisten well with water, stock or gravy, and stir in the flour. Heat thoroughly and cover with apple pulp. Cover with the scone dough, cut into wedge shapes. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot and freshly cooked.

ECONOMY ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla or grated lemon or orange rind.

Beat powdered milk into the fresh milk, using a rotary beater. Add sugar and gelatine, beating thoroughly for several minutes until the consistency of cream. Place into two wetted refrigerator trays and leave for 1½ hours. Remove and whip well, and add flavoring. Return to refrigerator until set.

BARLEY PUDDING

Four tablespoons pearl barley, 1½ cups water, 2½ cups milk (reconstituted powdered milk or milk and water), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/8th teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla or grated lemon rind.

Wash barley and soak in the water for 24 hours. Drain off water which remains and cook barley with the milk in a double-saucepan until tender, about 45 minutes. Beat egg, add sugar, salt, vanilla or lemon rind, and combine with the barley. Turn into a greased oven-dish and cook in a moderately hot oven (325 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Serve with honey or hot jam sauce or fruit.

MACARONI AND STEAK CASSEROLE

One pound chuck steak, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, 2 cup macaroni, salt and pepper.

Dice steak and fry lightly in the fat. Place in a casserole. Brown the flour in the fat, add the water, vinegar, onion, celery leaves, and pepper and salt. Pour over meat, cover, and simmer for 1½ hours. Cook the macaroni in fast-boiling water until tender, drain, and stir into the steak. Serve piping-hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

RUSSIAN CABBAGE

One firm cabbage, 1 cup sliced leeks, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 2 cups chopped cooked meat, fairly moist.

Shred cabbage and cook in a small quantity of water in a tightly-lidded pan. Drain, add leeks, which have been sautéed in the bacon fat in a lidded pan. Add chopped meat and season whole to taste. Serve hot with fingers crisp fried bread.

POT LUCK PIE

Two cups minced, cooked meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour or breadcrumbs, 1 or 2 skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup spiced, unsweetened apple pulp, 4oz. well-seasoned scone dough.

How to grow beetroot

By Our Home Gardener

THE soil should be prepared for red beet as for any other root vegetable, but do not add fresh manure to the soil.

If the soil is too rich in nitrogenous manure or fertiliser the beets will run to tops at the expense of the roots, which will be undersized and unsatisfactory.

Sow seed in rows about 8ins. apart and 1in. deep, and thin out to 8ins. The seeds are multiple and frequently contain five or six. This accounts for the density of

the rows, even when set out wide apart.

Weeds should be kept down rigidly by hand once the beets reach any size, as they object to loose conditions, and cultivation should cease once the roots are forming well.

If beets are wanted throughout the season, a succession of plantings should be made two or three weeks apart, for the older roots tend to become woody and inedible.

N.B.: The thinnings from a densely-sown row of either silver or red beet furnish a delicious green. Even when mature the foliage of the red beet cooks up into a splendid dish if it is clean and the "mid-ribs" are removed.

LIVING WELL ON LITTLE...

● Here are suggestions for healthful, nourishing, economical dishes. They have been specially planned to suit the times, to satisfy hearty winter appetites.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

BEGIN at the beginning in planning this war-winning strategy of making the best of little.

Work out a food budget. Know your groceries. Plan menus well ahead, keeping them flexible enough to take advantage of a bargain if you see a real one, or to substitute this for that when the product you are after isn't in stock.

Keep up to date, and ready to adapt yourself to conditions as they arise.

Some old familiar and well-liked products are off the market for the time, but there's still a variety of staple foods for good and economical eating.

Stress the seasonal varieties, the cheaper cuts of meat, the simpler foods if you want to get the most value for your money.

Economy menus need not be monotonous, for the clever cook has many tricks of seasoning and serving up her slice.

Living well on little means the choice of the right kind of foods in

terms of health and fitness, of serving the right amount, banishing waste, careful use of fuel.

It means, too, good cooking, and last, but not least, attractive service, because food that pleases the eye not only aids digestion but peps up morale.

LIVER IN MILK GRAVY

One pound liver, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups of milk (or milk and vegetable stock), 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, pepper and salt, bacon fat.

Slice liver thinly. Coat with seasoned flour, and brown in the bacon fat. Add milk, cover, and cook very slowly until liver is tender, about 20 minutes. Add the tomato sauce. Serve piping-hot with crisp, curled toast. Garnish with large sprigs of fresh parsley.

BUDGET LAMB CHOPS.

One breast lamb, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pepper and salt.

Have the breastbone removed from the lamb breast, and cut a

pocket from the end of the breast. Stuff with combined sausage meat, crumbs, and parsley, seasoned to taste. Fasten with skewers, rub with spices, and brush with vinegar. Cover and chill until firm, and easy to cut. Slice between the ribs to make individual cuts, and brush again with vinegar or lemon juice. Grill slowly 7 to 8 minutes each side, or broil in a casserole.

CREAMED RABBIT WITH CHEESE SCONES

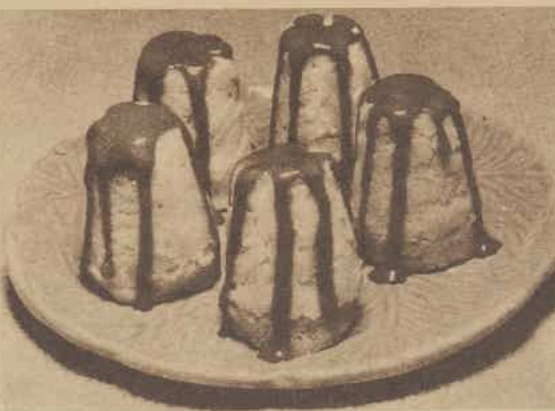
One rabbit, 1 clove-stuck onion, 2 curls of lemon skin, few bacon rinds, 2 or 3 sprigs of parsley and mint, water, pepper and salt. Quarter-pint milk, 1 pint rabbit stock, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, pinch of grated lemon rind.

Joint the rabbit, and soak for 20 minutes in tepid water. Dry, cut into joints, and place in a saucepan or casserole. Add the clove-stuck onion, lemon rind, bacon rinds, parsley and mint, a teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Add enough hot water to form about 1 inch depth in the pan, and cover tightly. Simmer very slowly for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Make the sauce by melting the fat, stirring in the flour and then the milk, and stock. Add cheese, lemon rind, and bacon rinds, season and cook over boiling water for a few minutes. Remove bacon rind. Place jointed, strained rabbit on a hot dish, mask with white sauce, and serve piping-hot with freshly-made cheese scones.





ATTRACTIVE SERVICE is rule 1 for the convalescent meal. The tray, pictured above, is a lesson in home-nursing—room on the tray, well-arranged and very pretty china, and a crisp fresh flower to pep up meal interest.



HOT SPONGE CASTLES, straight out of the steamer on to the table and topped with melted chocolate sauce. These little puddings, pictured above, cook quickly and are as timely on the winter menu as a warm coat on a cold night. Recipe given below.

Rabbit recipes win prizes

● Well cooked, subtly flavored, and served piping hot, rabbit meat can rival any more expensive dish. Three such recipes win cash prizes in this week's cookery contest.

MRS. CARMODY sends a three-way suggestion for rabbit cookery.

Note the soaking of rabbit before cooking.

This is done in tepid water, and removes the slightly strong, wild-game flavor some people dislike very much.

Try a sprig of rosemary in the pot when cooking, or perhaps a clove or two, and don't forget to use the bacon rind.

The creamed rabbit on toast is improved with a hint of lemon rind in the sauce, or garnish each serve with a tiny wedge of lemon.

Note also Sundae Honey Pie.

THREE-WAY RABBIT DISH

(Three nourishing meals at low meat cost for 2 persons.)

Dinner.—Choose young rabbit, soak 1 hour, cut up, add 1 large onion, 1 carrot, salt and pepper to taste. Cover with water and simmer 1½ hours. Serve broth, then the legs with parsley sauce, grilled rashers of bacon, mashed potatoes, carrot, and green vegetables.

Breakfast.—Cut up meat from back portions and ribs, add to parsley sauce, and serve on toast with rashers of bacon.

Lunch.—Nice change from sandwiches for a businessman's lunch: Dissolve 1 dessertspoon gelatine in 1 cup of hot rabbit broth, add finely chopped or minced meat from front

legs, set in small mould lined with thickly sliced hard-boiled egg, chopped parsley, and cooked onion. Turn out, wrap in greaseproof paper (or slice for sandwiches).

First prize of £1 to Mrs. T. J. Carmody, 45 Earle St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

CASSEROLE OF RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 to 1½ lb. mushrooms, 2oz. flour, 2oz. butter or dripping, 1 medium onion, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 level teaspoons salt, 1 small carrot, water or stock, red currant jelly.

Wash rabbit and soak in water for at least 1 hour. Wipe thoroughly and joint, mix flour and seasoning together, and dip the joints in seasoned flour.

Heat butter or dripping until a faint blue smoke arises from it. Fry onion, cut into rings, a golden brown, remove, and sauté rabbit joint.

Just cover rabbit with water or stock, add onions, carrots cut into rings, with mushroom peeled and chopped. Cook in a good oven 1½ hours, and serve with red currant jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Hanon, 33 Ellis Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

AUSTRALIA PIE

One young rabbit, 2oz. grated cheese (hard), 2oz. macaroni, 1 large onion, seasoning, 1½ lb. short-crust.

Cut rabbit into joints and place in cold water. Simmer 1½ hours. Turn on to a floured board and cut into short lengths. Chop the onion and

mix macaroni, onion and seasoning with the rabbit.

For Pastry: 1½ lb. lard or good dripping, 1½ lb. flour, pinch salt, water and lemon juice to mix.

Measure the flour, add salt, rub in the shortenings till all is like bread-crumbs. Mix to a stiff dough with cold water and lemon juice. Turn out on to a floured board, cut off one-third for the top. Roll out other portion to line a baking-dish. Crush some vermicelli, and after greasing the dish dust it with the crushed vermicelli.

Line the tin now with the largest piece of pastry. Fill up with the seasoned rabbit mixture, and half fill dish with water. Cover with remainder of pastry. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Turn out and serve at once with green vegetables and potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Bessie Lavey, c/o Mrs. Cady, 68 Arthur St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

SCALLOPED APPLES AND CHEESE

Three-quarters cup fine bread-crumbs, 4 apples (pared and sliced), 2 cups grated cheese, salt, milk, 2 tablespoons butter.

Line a greased baking-dish with 1 cup breadcrumbs, place a layer of thinly-sliced apples in bottom, cover with cheese, sprinkle with salt, using about 1 apple and 1 cup cheese for each layer. Repeat layers of apple and cheese until amounts are used. Cover with milk and sprinkle remaining 1 cup breadcrumbs, mixed with butter, over top. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Serve hot as a main luncheon or supper dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

SUNDAE HONEY PIE

For Pastry: 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt.

Rub butter into flour and salt with finger-tips; make into stiff dough with milk, roll out on floured board to fit 8-inch plate, bake about 10 minutes in hot oven.

For Filling: 1 cup honey, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, little nutmeg.

Mix honey, butter, and nutmeg in a saucepan and boil 10 minutes. Dissolve cornflour in little cold water, add egg-yolks, and beat well. Then add to honey mixture. Blend

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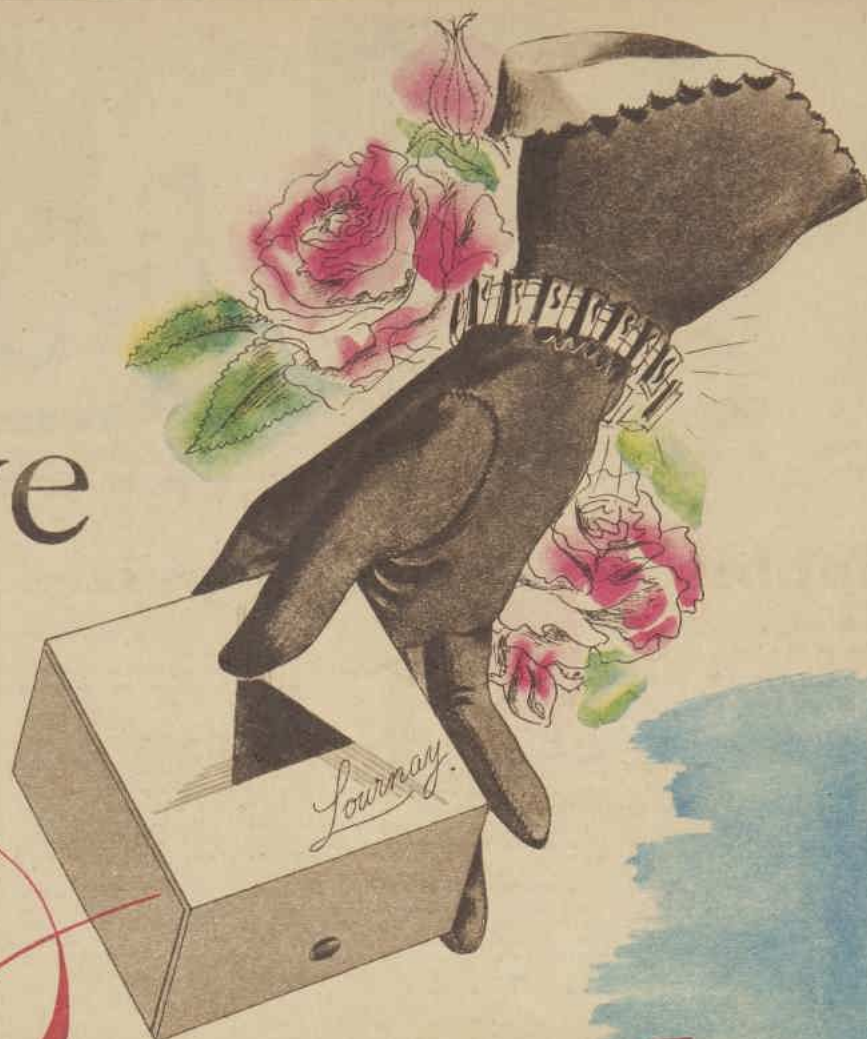
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